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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. V. A

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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

COLLATED

With the Oldeſt Copies, and Corrected:

WITH

NOTES, Explanatory and Critical:

BY

Mr *THEOBALD*.

I, Decus, I, noſtrum: melioribus utere Fatis. *Virg.*

VOLUME FIFTH.

CONTAINING

TWELFTH-NIGHT: Or, WHAT YOU WILL.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING LEAR.
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.

LONDON:
Printed for R. CROWDER, C. WARE, and T. PAYNE.
M.DCC.LXXII.

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TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

A 3

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

ORSINO, *Duke of* Illyria.
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, Brother to* Viola.
Antonio, *a Sea-captain, Friend to* Sebaſtian.
Valentine, } *Gentlemen, attending on the Duke.*
Curio, }
Sir Toby Belch, *Uncle to* Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh Knight, pretending to* Olivia.
A Sea-captain, Friend to Viola.
Fabian, *Servant to* Olivia.
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical Steward to* Olivia.
Clown, Servant to Olivia.

Olivia, *a Lady of great beauty and fortune, beloved by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, Olivia's *Woman.*

Prieſts, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City on the coaſt of Illyria.

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TWELFTH-NIGHT:

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter the Duke, CURIO, *and Lords.*

DUKE.

IF muſic be the food of love, play on;
Give me exceſs of it, that ſurfeiting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo die.
That ſtrain again;—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour. Enough!—no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; (1) ſo full of ſhapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

(1) ——*ſo full of ſhapes* is *fancy,*
That it alone is high fantaſtical.] Shakeſpeare has made his Polonius (a character which he deſigned ſhould be received with laughter) ſay,

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Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have:
O, when my eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought ſhe purged the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turned into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this anſwer:
The element itſelf, 'till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloyſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon

——for to define true *madneſs*,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but *mad?*

But there is no parity of reaſon why his Duke here, who is altogether ſerious, and moralizing on the qualities of love, ſhould tell us, that Fancy is alone the moſt fantaſtical thing imaginable. I am perſuaded the alteration of *is* into *in*, has given us the Poet's genuine meaning; that love is moſt fantaſtical, in being ſo variable in its fancies. And Shakeſpeare every where ſuppoſes this to be the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of this paſſion. In his *As You like it*, where what it is to be in love is defined, amongſt other marks we have this;

It is to be all made of *fantaſy*.

And in the ſame play, Roſalind, ſpeaking of her lover, ſays;

——If I could meet that *fancy-monger*, I would give him ſome good counſel, for he ſeems to have the quotidian of *love* upon him

And a hundred other paſſages might be quoted, did the matter require any proof. Mr *Warburton*.

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A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance,

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled,
Her sweet perfections, with one self-same King!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts ly rich, when canopyed with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter VIOLA, *a* Captain *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, Lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium. [sailors?
Perchance he is not drowned; what think you,

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, Madam: and to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and Hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold.

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Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Knowest thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him;
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur (as you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of)
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That died some twelve months since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the sight
And company of men.

Vio. O, that I served that Lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
'Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And though that Nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution; yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,

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Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For ſuch diſguiſe as, haply, ſhall become
The form of my intent. I'll ſerve this Duke;
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can ſing,
And ſpeak to him in many ſorts of muſic,
That will allow me very worth his ſervice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit;
Only ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.

Vio. I thank thee; lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir TOBY, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure, care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you muſt come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except, before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you muſt confine yourſelf within the modeſt limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myſelf no finer than I am; theſe cloaths are good enough to drink in, and ſo be theſe boots too; an they be not, let them hang themſelves in their own ſtraps

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it yeſterday, and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer?

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

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Mar. What's that to the purpoſe?

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats: he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fy, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o' th' viol-de-gambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of Nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,——almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreler; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coyſtril, that will not drink to my niece 'till his brains turn o' th' toe like a pariſh top. What, wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*, for here comes Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir Andrew, accoſt.------

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mrs Accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance.

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Mar. My name is Mary, Sir.

Sir And. Good Mrs Mary Accoſt-------

Sir To. You miſtake, knight: accoſt, is front her, board her, woo her, aſſail her.

Sir And. By my troth I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accoſt?

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part ſo, Sir Andrew, would thou mighteſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my fingers ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[*Exit* Maria.

Sir To. O Knight, thou lackeſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down. Methinks ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary

man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is Pourquoy? do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. (a) O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

(a) *Sir* And. ——*O, had I but followed the arts!*
Sir To. *Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of hair.*
Sir And. *Why, would that have mended my hair?*
Sir To. *Paſt queſtion; for thou ſeeſt it will not* cool my *nature,*] Prodigious ſagacity! and yet thus it has paſſed down through all the printed copies. We cannot enough admire that happy indolence of Mr Pope, which can acquieſce in tranſmitting to us ſuch ſtuff for genuine ſenſe and argument. The dialogue is of a very light ſtrain, 'tis certain, betwixt two fooliſh knights: but yet I would be very glad to know, methinks, what Sir Andrew's following the arts, or his hair being mended, could have to do with the cooling, or not cooling, Sir Toby's nature. But my emendation clears up all this abſurdity; and the context is an unexceptionable confirmation:

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?
Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff, *&c.*

I cannot paſs over the remarkable conundrum betwixt Sir Andrew wiſhing he had followed the arts, and Sir Toby's application of this to the uſing art in improving his hair: becauſe I would obſerve, what variety and what a contraſt of characters the Poet has preſerved in this pair of ridiculous knights. Sir Toby has moderate natural parts, and a ſmattering of education; which makes him always to be running his wit, and gives him a predominance over the other. Sir Andrew is a blockhead by nature, and unimproved by any acquirements from art; and ſo is made the very anvil to impoſition and ridicule.

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Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for, thou ſeeſt, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſe-wife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be ſeen, or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o'th' Duke, ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o'th' ſtrangeſt mind i'th' world: I delight in maſks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kick-ſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take duſt, like Miſtreſs Mall's picture? why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? my very walk ſhould be a jig! I would not ſo much as make water, but in a ſink-a-pace: what doſt thou mean! is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution

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of thy leg, it was formed under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured ſtocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA, *in Man's Attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue theſe favours towards you, Ceſario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

Vio. I thank you: here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who ſaw Ceſario, hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a-while aloof.——Ceſario,
Thou knoweſt no leſs but all: I have unclaſped
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gait unto her;
Be not denied acceſs, ſtand at her doors;
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
'Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,

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If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.
Vio. Say I do speak with her, my Lord; what then?
Duke. O, then, unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith;
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.
Vio. I think not so, my Lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your Lady; yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *House.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse; my Lady will hang thee for thy absence.

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Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well-hanged in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer: I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of, I fear no colours.

Clo. Where, good miſtreſs Mary?

Mar. In the wars, and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being ſo long abſent, or be turned away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neither, but I am reſolved on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way, if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's fleſh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady; make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt. [*Exit.*

Enter OLIVIA, *and* MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! thoſe wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays Quinapalus, better a witty fool than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, Lady!

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Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counſel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing, that's mended, is but patched; virtue, that tranſgreſſes, is but patched with ſin; and ſin, that amends, is but patched with virtue. If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: the Lady bade take away the fool, therefore, I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree.—— Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain: good Madona, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterouſly, good Madona.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechiſe you for it, Madona; good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madona, why mourneſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his ſoul is in hell, Madona.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in Heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madona, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heaven: take away the fool, Gentlemen.

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Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, 'till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God send you, Sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your Ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools Zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam, 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your uncle.

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Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you, he ſpeaks nothing but madman: fy on him! Go you, Malvolio; if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home: what you will to diſmiſs it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, Madona, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool, whoſe ſcull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a moſt weak *pia mater!*——

Enter Sir TOBY.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman. Here,—— [*belches.*] A plague o' theſe pickle herring! how now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,——

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery? I defy letchery: there's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil and he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the ſecond mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o' my uncle; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drowned; go look after him.

Clo. He's but mad yet, Madona, and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit* Clown.

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Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays he'll ſtand at your door like a Sheriff's poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly: one would think his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

Enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orſino's embaſſy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

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Vio. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Oli. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loth to caſt away my ſpeech; for beſides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modeſt aſſurance if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I ſwear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow is not yours to reſerve; but this is from my commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſaucy at my gates; and allowed your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir? here lyes your way.

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Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, ſweet Lady: tell me your mind, I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the curteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am and what I would, are as ſecret as maidenhead; to your ears divinity; to any others profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit* Maria.] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Lady——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of it. Where lyes your text?

Vio. In Orſino's boſom.

Oli. In his boſom? in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your Lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. (3) Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent; is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

(3) *Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: is't not well done?*] This is nonſenſe. My correction, I think, clears all

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Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted: I will give out diverse schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will; as, *Item*, two lips indifferent red. *Item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you, what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My Lord and Master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompenc'd, tho' you were crowned
The non-pareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged; free, learned, and valiant;

up, and gives the expression an air of gallantry. Viola presses to see Olivia's face: the other at length pulls off her veil, and says, "We will draw the curtain, and shew you "the *picture*. I wear this complexion to-day, I may wear "another to-morrow;" jocularly intimating, that she painted. The other, vexed at the jest, says, "Excellently "*done*, if God *did* all." Perhaps it may be true what you say in jest; otherwise 'tis an excellent face. "'Tis in "grain," &c. replies Olivia. Mr *Warburton*.

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And in dimenſion, and the ſhape of Nature,
A gracious perſon; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my Maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuffering, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe:
I would not underſtand it.

Oli. Why, what would you do?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write loyal cantos of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night;
(4)Hollow your name to the reverberant hills,
And make the babling goſſip of the air
Cry out Olivia! O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.

Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; ſpend this for me.

Vio. I am no feed poſt, Lady; keep your purſe:
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint that you ſhall love,
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewel, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*

Oli. What is your parentage?
" Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:——

(4) *Hollow your name to the* reverberate *hills.*] I have, againſt the authority of the printed copies, corrected *reverberant*. The adjective paſſive makes nonſenſe.

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" I am a gentleman."—— 'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon----not too faſt----ſoft!
Unleſs the maſter were the man.--How now ?[ſoft!
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be ——
What ho, Malvolio.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hye thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate ſhew thy force; ourſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

ANTONIO.

WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might

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perhaps diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompenſe for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy; but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in: therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf. You muſt know me then, Antonio, my name is Sebaſtian, which I called Roderigo; my father was that Sebaſtian of Meſſaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myſelf and a ſiſter, both born in one hour; if the heavens had been pleaſed, would we had ſo ended! but you, Sir, altered that; for, ſome hour before you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but tho' I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder over far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh her, ſhe bore a mind that Envy could not but call fair: ſhe is drowned already, Sir, with ſalt water, tho' I ſeem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once; my boſom is full of

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kindneſs, and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother, that upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Duke Orſino's court: farewel. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee! I have made enemies in Orſino's court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

Enter VIOLA *and* MALVOLIO, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Counteſs Olivia?

Vio. Even now, Sir: on a moderate pace I have ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you might have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away yourſelf. She adds moreover, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate aſſurance ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be never ſo hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to report your Lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and her will is it ſhould be ſo returned: if it be worth ſtooping for, there it lyes in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outſide have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed ſo much,
That ſure methought her eyes had loſt her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly:
She loves me ſure; the cunning of her paſſion
Invites me in this churliſh meſſenger.
None of my Lord's ring? why, he ſent her none.
I am the man-----if it be ſo, (as 'tis);
Poor lady, ſhe were better love a dream.

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Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſs,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How eaſy is it for the proper falſe
In womens waxen hearts to ſet their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be,
How will this fadge? my maſter loves her dearly,
And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him;
And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to doat on me:
What will become of this? as I am a man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love;
As I am a woman, (now, alas the day!)
What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor Olivia breathe?
O Time, thou muſt entangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' unty.

SCENE, *changes to* Olivia's *Houſe*.

Enter Sir TOBY, *and Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew, not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it, as an unfilled can; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay; but, I think, it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. Maria! I ſay,——a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

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Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass; now let's have a catch.

Sir And. (5) By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quebus: 'twas very good i'faith. (6) I sent thee six pence for thy leman, had'st it?

Clo. I did impetticos thy gratility; for Malvo-

(5) *By my troth, the fool has an excellent* breast.] I have been advised to read *breath*, here: but the text is certainly right without any alteration. The allusion is not to the Clown having a white skin, but a good power in singing. It was a phrase in vogue in our Author's time. In a Spanish vocabulary, printed in Queen Elizabeth's reign, *Aquel tiene linda boz* is thus expounded; "He has a good *breast*;" i. e. as we now say, good lungs, to hold out in singing. So Ben Johnson, in his masque of *Gypsies metamorphosed*;

An excellent song, and a sweet songster, and would have done rarely in a cage, with a dish of water and hempseed; fine *breast* of his own!

And Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Pilgrim*;

Pray you, stay a little: let's hear him sing; h'as a fine *breast*.

(6) *I sent thee six pence for thy* Leman, *had'st it*] But the Clown was neither pantler nor butler. The Poet's word was certainly mistaken by the ignorance of the printers. I have restored *leman*, i. e. I sent thee six pence to spend on thy mistress. So, in *Merry Wives of Windsor*;

——as jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's *leman*.

2 *Henry* IV.

A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the *leman* mine.

The word was used indifferently, to signify either a *mistress* or *gallant*; as the word *lover* stood for both sexes.

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lio's nose is no whip-stock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle ale-houses.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.——

Sir To. Come on, there's six pence for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too; if one knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown *sings.*

O Mistress mine where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lover's meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter:
What's to come, is still unsure;
In delay there lyes no plenty:
Then come kiss me, sweet, and twenty:
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance, in-

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deed? (7) Shall we rouze the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Moſt certain; let our catch be "Thou "knave."

(7) *Shall we rouſe the night-owl in a catch, that will draw* three ſouls *out of one* weaver?] *i. e.* by which he ſhall be thrice tranſported, or equally tranſported with every one of us three fingers. As for *drawing out the ſoul*, this is a phraſe which, as it ſeems, our Author delights to uſe, to expreſs the raviſhing power of muſic.

Much Ado a out Nothing.

Now is his ſoul raviſhed. Is it not ſtrange that ſheep's guts ſhould *hale ſouls out* of men's bodies, *&c*

But, perhaps, by mentioning *three ſouls*, Sir Toby may be hinting at the peripatetic philoſophy (the learning then in vogue,) which very liberally gave to every man three ſouls, the *vegetative* or *plaſtic*, the *animal*, and the *rational*. I would not imagine that Shakeſpeare had no further drift in this, than either to expoſe that ſyſtem, or make a parade of his own knowledge. Thoſe who are converſant in him, cannot but obſerve, that he takes delight on all occaſions to diſplay the great power and force of muſic. And here, in the moſt extraordinary manner, he conveys to us the idea of that power, in its full extent, as we receive it from poetical relations: for in ſpeaking of its power, to draw the *three* ſouls out of a man, *viz.* the vegitative or plaſtic, the ſenſative or animal, and the rational or human, he would inſinuate to us all thoſe ſurpriſing effects of muſic that the Ancients ſpeak of, when they tell us of Amphion who moved ſtones and trees; Orpheus and Arion, who tamed the ſavages; and Timotheus, who governed, as he pleaſed, the paſſions of his human auditors, by the irreſiſtible force of harmony.——So noble and extraordinary an obſervation has our Author covered under the ribaldry of a fantaſtic character. Mr *Warburton.*

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Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave Knight." I ſhall be conſtrained in't, to call the knave Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, "Hold "thy peace."

Clo. I ſhall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They ſing a Catch*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? if my Lady have not called up her ſteward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.

Sir To. My Lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a peg-a-ramſey, and three merry men be we. Am not I conſanguinious? am I not of her blood? "Tilly vally, lady! there dwelt a man "in Babylon, lady, lady." [*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpoſed, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. "O the twelfth day of December."— [*Singing.*

Mar. For the love of God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? do you make an ale-houſe of my lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coziers catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

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Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneck up!—— [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir Toby, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that ſhe harbours you as her uncle, ſhe's nothing allied to your diſorders. If you can ſeperate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewel.

Sir To. "Farewel, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs "be gone."

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. "His eyes do ſhew, his days are almoſt done."

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die?

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. "What, an if you do?

Sir To. "Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?

Clo. "O no, no, no, you dare not."

Sir To. Out o' time, Sir? ye lie: art thou any more than a ſteward? doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by ſaint Anne; and ginger ſhall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtoop of wine, Maria.——

Mal. Miſtreſs Mary, if you priſed my Lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go, ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'I were as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and

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then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight, I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the Duke's was to day with my Lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us, tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, sometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths. The best persuaded of himself: so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love, wherein by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can

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write very like my Lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I ſmell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they came from my niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport-royal, I warrant you; I know my phyſic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewel.

[*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthiſilea.

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou haſt her not i' th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

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Scene changes to the Palace.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some musick. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much
More than light airs, and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your Lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the jester, my Lord, a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* Curio. *Musick.*
Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me,
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly;
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath staid upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion. [i'faith?

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years,

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Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven: let still the woman
An elder than herself, so wears she to him; [take
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter CURIO *and* Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is silly, sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. I prithee, sing. [*Musick.*

SONG.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid:
My shrowd of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it.
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

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Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corps, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
True love never find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir; I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

Duke: Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal. (8) I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where;

(8) *I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every where, and their intent* every *where*, &c.] Mr Warburton suspects this place to have suffered under the indolence of editors: and therefore though I have not disturbed the text, I think it very proper to subjoin his emendation, and reasons for it.

"Not only the antithesis (which is no mean consideration, when the question is on Shakespeare's writings,) "but the sense requires we should read;

——that their business might be every where, and their intent *no* where, &c.

"Because a man that suffers himself to run with every "wind, and so makes his business every where, cannot be "said to have any *intent*; for that word signifies a determination of the mind to something. Besides, the conclusion of making a good voyage out of nothing,—evidently directs to this emendation."

for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewel. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, Ceſario,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath beſtowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That Nature pranks her in, attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir——

Duke. I cannot be ſo anſwered.

Vio. Sooth, but you muſt.
Say that ſome lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; muſt ſhe not then be anſwered?

Duke. There is no woman's ſides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be called appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.——

Vio. Ay, but I know——

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe,
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my Lord: she never told her love,
But let Concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: (9) she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed,
Our shews are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's house,

(9) ——*she pined in thought,*
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sate like Patience *on a monument,*
Smiling at grief. This very fine image, which has been so universally applauded, it is not impossible but our Author might originally have borrowed from Chaucer, in his *Assembly of foules*,

And her besidis wonder discretlie,
Dante *Pacience ysittinge* there i' fonde
With *face pale*, upon an *hill of sonde*.

If he was indebted, however, for the first rude draught, how amply has he repaid that debt in heightening the picture! How much does the *green* and *yellow melancholy* transcend the Old Bard's *face pale*; the *monument*, his *hill of sand*; and what an additional beauty is, *smiling at Grief*, for which there are no ground nor traces in the original! Our Author has given us this fine picture again in another place, but, to shew the power and extent of his genius, with features and lineaments varied:

——yet thou
Dost look like *Patience, gazing on kings' graves,*
And *smiling* [harsh] extremity out of act.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

This absurd old play, I have elsewhere taken notice, was not entirely of our Author's penning; but he has honoured it with a number of master-touches, so peculiar to himself, that a knowing reader may with ease and certainty distinguish the traces of his pencil.

And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no delay. [*Exeunt*

SCENE *changes to* OLIVIA'S *Garden.*

Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy!

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the nigardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue; shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree; Malvolio's coming down this walk, he has been yonder i' th' sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Throws down a letter, and Exit*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue.

Fab. Oh, peace! contemplation makes a rare Turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could so beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,——

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't; the Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fy on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state——

Sir To. O for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown: having come down from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do their's, to ask for my uncle Toby.

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

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Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient start make out for him: I frown the while, and, perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches, curtsies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, uncle Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech.

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight.

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew.

Sir And. I knew it was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace! now the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: these be her very *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s, and thus makes she her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. "To the unknown beloved, this, and my "good wishes:" her very phrases. By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'Tis my Lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. "Jove knows I love, but who,
"Lips do not move, no man must know."
No man must know---what follows? the numbers altered---no man must know---if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. "I may command where I adore, but silence, like a Lucrece knife,
"With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore, *M*,
"*O*, *A*, *I*, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. *M*, *O*, *A*, *I*, doth sway my life---nay, but first let me see---let me see---

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyel checks at it?

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me; I serve her; she is my Lady. Why this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this---and the end---what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me? softly---*M*, *O*, *A*, *I*.

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. *M*---Malvolio---*M*,---why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

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Mal. M, But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O*.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I,—this simulation is not as the former—and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters is in my name. Soft, here follows prose.—" If this fall into " thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee, " but be not afraid of greatness; some are born " great, some atchieve greatness, and some have " greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their " hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them; " and to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, " cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be " opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: " let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy- " self into the trick of singularity. She thus ad- " vises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who " commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to " see thee ever cross-gartered. I say, remember; " go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so: " if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow " of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's " fingers. Farewel. She that would alter servi- " ces with thee, the fortunate and happy." Day-light and champion discovers no more: this is open, I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now

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fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg, being croſs-gartered, and in this ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-gartered, even with the ſwifteſt of putting on. Jove, and my ſtars be praiſed!---Here is yet a poſtſcript. "Thou "can'ſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou "entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; "thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my "preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee."---Jove, I thank thee! I will ſmile, I will do every thing thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond ſlave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

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Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-gartered, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Olivia's *Garden.*

Enter VIOLA *and* Clown.

VIOLA.

SAVE thee, friend, and thy muſic: doſt thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayeſt ſay the King lyes by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him: or the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir: to ſee this age!—(10) A ſentence is but a chev'ril glove to a good wit;

(1) *A ſentence is but a* chev'ril *glove to a good wit;*] Mr Pope, in his firſt edition of Shakeſpeare, to ſhew the world the depth of his learning, informed us in a gloſs,

how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton; but, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, Sir, 'till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to

that *cheveril* meant *tender*, from *cheverillus*, a young cock, a chick: but I never heard yet of any glove or leather made of a cockrel's skin; and believe it will hardly come into experiment in Mr Pope's or my time. The etymology is therefore to be disputed. I shewed, in my Shakespeare Restored, that cheveril leather is made of the skin of a kid or goat; which was called by the Latins *caprillus*; by the Italians *ciaverello*; and by the French *chevreul*: from which last our word *cheveril* is immediately deduced. Mr Pope, in his last edition, has suffered himself to be informed, and embraced these derivations.

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herrings, the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy Lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begged.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar (11). My Lady is within, Sir, I will confer to them whence you come: who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say element, but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:

(11) Cressida *was a beggar.*] The Poet, in this circumstance, undoubtedly had his eye on Chaucer's *Testament of Cresseide*. Cupid, to revenge her profanation against his deity, calls in the planetary gods to assist him in his vengeance. They instantly turn her mirth into melancholy, her health into sickness, her beauty into deformity, and in the end pronounce this sentence upon her;

Thus shalt thou go *begging* fro hous to hous
With cuppe and clappir like a Lazarous.

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He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wiſe-man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe men's folly fallen, quite taints their wit.

Enter Sir TOBY *and Sir* ANDREW.

Sir And. Save you, gentlemen. (12)

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.

Sir. To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.—Will you encounter the houſe? my niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance; but we are prevented.

(12) Sir Tob. *Save you, gentlemen.*
Vio. *And you, Sir.*
Sir And. *Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.*
Vio. *Et vous auſſi; votre ſerviteur.*
Sir And. *I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.*] I have ventured to make the two knights change ſpeeches in this dialogue with Viola; and, I think, not without good reaſon. It were a prepoſterous forgetfulneſs in the Poet, and out of all probability, to make Sir Andrew not only ſpeak French, but underſtand what is ſaid to him in it, who in the firſt act did not know the Engliſh of *pourquoy*.

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Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Moſt excellent accompliſhed Lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! Rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own moſt pregnant and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *Sir* Andrew, *and* Maria.] Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſervant's name; fair Princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was called compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke Orſino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than filled with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;—
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſolliciſ that,
Than muſic from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear Lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did hear,
A ring in chaſe of you. So did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,

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To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lyes your way, due weſt.

Vio. Then, weſtward hoe: ——
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?

Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me what thou think'ſt of me?

Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

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As murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon,
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, mayest move
That heart, which now abhors to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Olivia's *House.*

Enter Sir TOBY, *Sir* ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir Tob. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the Duke's serving-man, than ever she bestowed on me. I saw't, i' th' orchard.

Sir Tob. Did she see thee the while, old boy, tell me that?

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

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Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the North of my Lady's opinion, where you will hang like an isicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go write in a martial hand; be curst and brief: it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent, and full of invention; (13) taunt him with

(13) *Taunt him with the licence of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice,*] There is no doubt, I think, but this passage is

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the licence of ink; if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lye in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, ſet 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't?

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means

one of thoſe in which our Author intended to ſhew his reſpect for Sir Walter Raleigh, and a deteſtation of the virulence of his proſecutors. The words quoted, ſeem to me directly levelled at the Attorney-General Coke, who in the trial of Sir Walter, attacked him with all the following indecent expreſſions.——"All that he did "was by thy inſtigation, *thou* viper; for I *thou* thee, *thou* "traitor!" (Here, by the way, are the Poet's three thou's.) "You are an odious man."—"Is he baſe? I return it in- "to thy throat, on his behalf."——"O damnable atheiſt!" ——"Thou art a monſter; thou haſt an Engliſh face, "but a Spaniſh heart."——"Thou haſt a Spaniſh heart, "and thyſelf art a ſpider of hell."——"Go to, I will "lay thee on thy back for the confidenteſt traitor that e- "ver came at a bar," &c." Is not here all the licence of tongue which the Poet ſatirically preſcribes to Sir Andrew's ink? And how mean an opinion Shakeſpeare had of theſe petulant invectives, is pretty evident from his cloſe of this ſpeech; "Let there be gall enough in thy ink; "though thou write with a *goose-pen*, no matter."—— A keener hath at the Attorney for a fool, than all the contumelies the Attorney threw at the priſoner as a ſuppoſed traitor!

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ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite, the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngeſt wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very Renegado? for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſaved by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-gartered?

Mar. Moſt villainouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i' th' church: I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my Lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you, But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire
(More ſharp than filed ſteel,) did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (though ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage),
But jealouſy what might befal your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
(14) I can no other anſwer make but thanks;
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing; what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the relicks of this town? [ing.

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodg-

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes

(14) *I can no other anſwer make but thanks;*
And thanks: and ever-oft *good turns*
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;] It muſt be obvious to every reader, who has the leaſt knowledge in verſification, that the ſecond line is too ſhort by a whole foot, however the editors have indolently paſſed it over without ſuſpicion. Then, who ever heard of this goodly double adverb, *ever-oft*, which ſeems to have as much propriety as *always-ſometimes?* As I have reſtored the paſſage, it is very much in our Author's manner and mode of expreſſion. So in *Cymbeline*;

—— Since when, I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be *ever* to pay, and yet pay *ſtill.*

And in *All's well that Ends well.*

And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will *over-pay*, and *pay again*
When I have found it.

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With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Duke his gallies,
I did some service, of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answered.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did. Only myself stood out,
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold, Sir, here's my purse.
In the south suburbs at the Elephant
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, [ledge
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your know-
With viewing of the town; there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.

Ant. To th' Elephant.--------

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Olivia's *House.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

(15) *Oli.* I have sent after him; say he will come:

(15) *I have sent after him; he says he'll come.*] But who did he say so to? Or from whom could my Lady have any

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How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begged or bor-
I ſpeak too loud.-------- [rowed.
Where is Malvolio? he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, Madam: but in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt, Madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your Ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you if he come; for, ſure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter MALVOLIO.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smileſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gar-

ſuch intelligence? Her ſervant, employed upon this errand, was not yet returned; and, when he does return, he brings word, that the youth would hardly be intreated back. I am perſuaded ſhe was intended rather to be in ſuſpence, and deliberating with herſelf: putting the ſuppoſition that he would come; and aſking herſelf, in that caſe, how ſhe ſhould entertain him. I imagine therefore the Poet wrote;

——Say he will *come*.

So Viola, before, in this play;

Say I do ſpeak with her, my Lord; what then?

So Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*;

Say that ſhe rail; why, then I'll tell her plain, *&c.*

And in numberleſs other paſſages.

tering; but what of that? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why, how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think we do know that ſweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your requeſt?

Yes, nightingales anſwer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſs;—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great——

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatneſs——

Oli. What ſayeſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them—

Oli. Heaven reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings——

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſhed to ſee thee croſs-gartered——

Oli. Croſs-gartered?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

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Oli. Why, this is very midſummer madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orſino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back; he attends your Ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my uncle Toby? ſet ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for the half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir Toby to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe;----be oppoſite with a kinſman,---ſurly with ſervants,----let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate,---put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity;---and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth: I have limed her, but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! and when ſhe went away now, Let this fellow be looked to: Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance-----what can be ſaid? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Sir TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? if all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and legion himſelf poſſeſſed him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

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Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my privacy; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? what, man, defy the devil? consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La, you! if you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.--Pray God, he be not bewitched.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning if I live. My Lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O Lord!-----

Sir To. Pr'ythee hold thy peace; that is not the way; do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?-----

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man, tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

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Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang yourſelves all; you are idle ſhallow things; I am not of your element, you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were played upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad; we may carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance, 'till our very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't ſo ſaucy?

Sir And. Ay is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Sir* Toby *reads.*

"Youth, whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow."

Fab. Good and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I do call thee ſo; for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't."

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Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. "Thou comeſt to the Lady Olivia, and "in my ſight ſhe uſes thee kindly: but thou lieſt "in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge "thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.

Sir To. "I will way-lay thee going home, where "if it be thy chance to kill me——"

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou killeſt me like a rogue and a "villain."

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy ſide of the law: good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well, and God have mercy "upon one of our ſouls: he may have mercy upon "mine, but my hope is better, and ſo look to thy-"ſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him, and thy "ſworn enemy, *Andrew Aguecheek.*" If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and as thou draweſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent, ſharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms

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no leſs; therefore this letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clod-pole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon Agueecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, (as I know his youth will aptly receive it), into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA *and* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, 'till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me that reproves my fault;
But ſuch a headſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you:
And I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſaved may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my ſoul to hell.

[*Exit.*

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Enter Sir TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the Orchard-end; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, Sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him, what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubbed with unhacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. (16) Sir, no; his indignation derives it-

(16) *Sir, no; his indignation* derives *itself out of a very competent injury;*] This error first obtained from inadvertence, I presume, in Mr Rowe's edition: and Mr Pope has most

self out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him; therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman 'till my return. [*Exit Sir* Toby.

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria: will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Priest than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir TOBY *and Sir* ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have

faithfully copied it, I have restored the genuine reading of the old folios:—his indignation *derives* itself, &c. As in 2 *Henry* IV.

Derives from Heaven his quarrel and his cause.

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not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck-in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay he has been fencer to the Sophi.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and I'll give him my horſe, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good ſhew on't;-------this ſhall end without the perdition of ſouls; marry, I'll ride your horſe as well as I ride you. [*Aſide.*

Enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

I have his horſe to take up the quarrel; I have perſuaded him the youth's a devil. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake; marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now to be ſcarce worth talking of; therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vow, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you ſee him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy, the gentleman will for his honour's ſake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it;

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but he has promiſed me, as he is a gentleman and a ſoldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't.

[*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath!

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do aſſure you 'tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put up your ſword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir; why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the
Sir To. I'll be with you anon. [officers.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put up your ſword if you pleaſe.

[*To Sir* Andrew.

Sir And. Marry will I, Sir; and for that I promiſed you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir. [Orſino.

1 *Off.* No, Sir; no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,

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Than what befals myſelf: you ſtand amazed,
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhewed me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my having is not much,
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling, drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh! Heav'ns themſelves!----

2 Off. Come, Sir, I pray you, go. [ſee here

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you
I ſnatched one half out of the jaws of Death;
Relieved him with ſuch ſanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? the time goes by; away!

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou haſt, Sebaſtian, done good feature ſhame.
In Nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be called deformed, but the unkind.

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Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſhed by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him. Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit* Antonio *with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight; come hither, Fabian; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He named Sebaſtian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate. Oh, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love.
[*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his diſhoneſty appears in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him; and for his cowardſhip, aſk Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not,—— [*Exit Sir* Andrew.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

CLOWN.

WILL you make me believe that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a fooliſh fellow, Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith: no, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not maſter Ceſario, nor this is not my noſe neither; nothing, that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſomewhere elſe; thou knoweſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!——he has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid, this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pr'ythee now, ungird thy ſtrangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her, that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh Greek, depart from me; there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou haſt an open hand; theſe wiſe men, that give fools money, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years purchaſe.

Enter Sir ANDREW, *Sir* TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking* Sebaſtian.

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Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there: are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir* Andrew.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady strait: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence.

[*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding* Sebastian.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria; tho' I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron; you are well fleshed: come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam.

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached: out of my
Be not offended, dear Cesario.—— [sight!
Rudesby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir* Toby, *and Sir* Andrew.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

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This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
Mayeſt ſmile at this. Thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny; beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream.
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would thou'dſt be ruled by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilſt. [*Exit* Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſelf in't; and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled in ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtudent; but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good houſekeeper, goes as fairly, as to ſay, a careful man and a great ſcholar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir TOBY *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby; for as the old hermit of Prague, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid to a niece of King Gorboduck, that that is, is: ſo I being Mr Parſon, am Mr Parſon: for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

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Clo. What, hoa, I say,—— peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. within.] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my Lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man? talkest thou of nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fy, thou dishonest Sathan; I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with curtesy; say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as baricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-north, are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest; I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Ægyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused; I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

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Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkeſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thee ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,——

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mighteſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findeſt him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit with* Maria.

Clo. "Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my "Lady does." [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool——

Clo. "My Lady is unkind, perdie."

Mal. Fool,——

Clo. "Alas, why is ſhe ſo?"

Mal. Fool, I ſay;——

Clo. "She loves another"—who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for it.

Clo. Mr Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

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Clo. Alas, Sir! how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abuſed; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay: the miniſter is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens reſtore: endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,-------

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'w'you, good Sir Topas.-----Marry, amen.----I will, Sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand I am: good fool, ſome ink, paper and light; and convey what I ſet down to my Lady: it ſhall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to it. But tell me true, are you not mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit!

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, 'till I ſee his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree; I pr'ythee be gone.

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Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [*Singing.*
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old Vice, (17)
Your need to ſuſtain:
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil [wrath,
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu, good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to another Apartment in* Olivia's *Houſe.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air, that is the glorious ſun;
This pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwarps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madneſs. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, (18)
That he did range the town to ſeek me out.
His counſel now might do me golden ſervice;------
For though my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,

(17) In a trice, *like to the old* Vice.] So in Ben Johnſon's *The Devil is an Aſs*;

What is he calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack a *Vice?*
Ere his words be half ſpoken, *I* am with him *in a trice.*

In both theſe places, by *Vice*, is meant that buffoon, droll character ſo general in the old plays, who was dreſſed up in a long coat, a fool's cap with aſſes ears, and furniſhed with a wooden ſword, with which he was as active and wanton as Arlequin. But I have explained the word and character more particularly in a note upon this line of King *Richard* III.

Thus, like the formal *Vice*, iniquity, &c.

(18) *Yet there he was, and there I found this* credit,
That he did range, &c.] *i. e.* I found it juſtified, credibly vouched. Whether the word *credit* will eaſily carry this meaning, I am doubtful: the expreſſion ſeems obſcure;

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That this may be ſome error, but no madneſs;
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſuades me
To any other truſt, but that I'm mad;
Or elſe the Lady's mad: yet if 'twere ſo, [lowers,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her fol-
Take and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As, I perceive, ſhe does: there's ſomething in't
That is deceivable. But here ſhe comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Prieſt.

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean
Now go with me, and with this holy man, [we I,
Into the chauntry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and Heavens ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exe.*

and though I have not diſturbed the text, I very much ſuſpect that the Poet wrote;

——————and there I found this *credent.*

He uſes the ſame term again in the very ſame ſenſe in *The Winter's Tale*;

——————Then 'tis very *credent*,
Thou mayeſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt, &c.

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ACT V.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Clown *and* FABIAN.

FABIAN.

NOW, as thou loveſt me, let me ſee this letter.

Clo. Good Mr Fabian, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompenſe deſire my dog again.

Enter Duke, VIOLA, CURIO, *and Lords.*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me: now, my foes tell me plainly I am an aſs; ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that, concluſion to be aſked, is, (19) if your

(19) *So that concluſion to be* as kiſſes.——] Though it might be unreaſonable to call our Poet's fools and knaves every where to account, yet if we did, for the generality we ſhould find them reſponſible. But what monſtrous abſurdi-

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four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no; tho' it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty 'till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you

ty have we here? To ſuppoſe the text genuine, we muſt acknowledge it too wild to have any known meaning: and what has no known meaning, cannot be allowed to have either wit or humour. Beſides, the Clown is affecting to argue ſeriouſly and in form. I imagine the Poet wrote;

So that concluſion to be aſked, is.

i. e. So that the concluſion I have to demand of you is this, if your four, &c He had in the preceding words been inferring ſome premiſſes, and now comes to the concluſion very logically; "You grant me, (ſays he,) the premiſſes; I "now aſk you to grant the concluſion." — Mr *Warburton.*

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to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, Sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter ANTONIO, *and* Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, Sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cry'd fame and honour on him. What's the matter?

1 *Offi.* Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tyger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, Sir; drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble Sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate;
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth

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Did I redeem; a wreck paſt hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love without retention or reſtraint;
All his in dedication. For his ſake
Did I expoſe myſelf (pure for his love)
Into the danger of this adverſe town;
Drew to defend him when he was beſet;
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removed thing,
While one would wink: denied me mine own purſe,
Which I had recommended to his uſe
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my Lord; and for three months
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy,) [before
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants.*

Duke. Here comes the Counteſs; now Heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madneſs:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aſide.——

Oli. What would my Lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may ſeem ſerviceable?
Ceſario, you do not keep promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,——

Oli. What do you ſay, Ceſario? Good my Lord—

Vio. My Lord would ſpeak, my duty huſhes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my Lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine ear,

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As howling after muſic.

Duke. Still ſo cruel?

Oli. Still ſo conſtant, Lord.

Duke. What, to perverſeneſs? you uncivil Lady,
To whoſe ingrate and unauſpicious altars
My ſoul the faithfulleſt offerings has breathed out,
That e'er devotion tendered. What ſhall I do?

Oli. Even what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhall become him.

Duke. Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't (20),
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love? (a ſavage jealouſy,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly.) But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument

(20) *Why ſhould I not, had I the heart to do't,*
Like to the Ægyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love?] In this ſimile, a particular ſtory is pre-ſuppoſed, which ought to be known, to ſhew the juſtneſs and propriety of the compariſon. I'll give the ſinopſis of it from Heliodorus's Æthiopics, to which our Author was indebted for the alluſion. This Ægyptian thief was Thyamis, who was a native of Memphis, and at the head of a band of robbers. Theagenes and Chariclea falling into their hands, Thyamis fell deſperately in love with the lady, and would have married her. Soon after, a ſtronger body of robbers coming down upon Thyamis's party, he was in ſuch fear for his miſtreſs, that he had her ſhut into a cave with his treaſure. It was cuſtomary with thoſe Barbarians, when they deſpaired of their own ſafety, firſt to make away with thoſe whom they held dear, and deſired for companions in the next life. Thyamis, therefore, benetted round with his enemies, raging with love, jealouſy, and anger, went to his cave; and calling aloud in the Ægyptian tongue, ſo ſoon as he heard himſelf anſwered towards the cave's mouth by a Grecian, making to the perſon by the direction of her voice he caught her by the hair with his left hand, and (ſuppoſing her to be Chariclea) with his right hand plunged his ſword into her breaſt.

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That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill:
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by Heaven I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief:
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove.
[*Duke going.*

Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would die.
[*Following.*

Oli. Where goes Ceſario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.
If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, deteſted! how am I beguiled?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away. [*To* Viola.

Oli. Whither, my Lord? Ceſario, huſband, ſtay.

Duke. Huſband?

Oli. Ay, huſband. Can he that deny?

Duke. Her huſband, ſirrah?

Vio. No, my Lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Ceſario, take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou knoweſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou feareſt.

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Enter Prieſt.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence
Here to unfold, (though lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou doſt know
Hath newly paſt between this youth and me.

Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
Strengthened by enterchangement of your rings:
And all the ceremony of this compact
Sealed in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me tow'rd my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

Duke. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath ſowed a grizzel on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewel, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do proteſt——

Oli. O, do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much fear.

Enter Sir ANDREW, *with his Head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head a-croſs, and given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Count's gentleman, one Ceſario;

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we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir TOBY *and* Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, Gentleman? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't. Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, Sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a past-measure Pain-im. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him; who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress't together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt* Clo. To. *and* And.

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman; But had it been the brother of my blood,

I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
[*All ſtand in amaze.*
You throw a ſtrange regard on me, by which,
I do perceive, it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but ſo late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two
A nat'ral perſpective, that is, and is not! [perſons;
Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have loſt thee?
Ant. Sebaſtian are you?
Seb. Feareſt thou that, Antonio!
Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is Sebaſtian?
Oli. Moſt wonderful!
Seb. Do I ſtand there? I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me? [*To* Viola.
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Meſſaline; Sebaſtian was my father;
Such a Sebaſtian was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his watery tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.

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Vio. And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul;
He finished, indeed, his mortal act,
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me 'till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lye my maid's weeds; (21) by whose gentle help
I was preferred to serve this noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this Lady and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been mistook:
[*To* Olivia.

(21) ——*by whose gentle help*
I was preserved *to serve this noble Duke.*] Though this be sense, and possesses all the printed copies, yet I suspect, from the similitude in the two words *preserved* and *serve* (a sameness of sound, which Shakespeare would, probably, have avoided,) the copyists, or men at press, committed a slight mistake. When the Captain and Viola first appear upon the stage, she says to him;

—— I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt *present* me, &c.

I therefore believe the Author wrote, as I have reformed the text;

——by whose gentle help
I was *preferred* to serve this noble Duke.

So in The *Taming of the Shrew*;

—— If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither.

So in *Julius Cæsar*;

Cæl. Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will *prefer* me to you, &c. &c. &c.

But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived;
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed: right-noble is his blood;
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times, [*To* Vio.
Thou never shouldest love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire,
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Enter the Clown *with a Letter; and* FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own,
From my remembrance clearly banished his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: h'as here writ a letter to you; I should have given't you to-day morning. But as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the mad-man--" By the Lord, Madam,---

[*Reads.*

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Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam, I do but read madneſs: an your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow Vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee read it i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madona; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my Princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To* Fabian.

Fab. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, Madam, you "wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though "you have put me into darkneſs, and given your "drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I the be- "neſit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I "have your own letter, that induced me to the "ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt "not but to do myſelf much right, or you much "ſhame: think of me as you pleaſe: I leave my "duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my "injury. The madly uſed MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This ſavours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither. My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought To think me as well a ſiſter as a wife; [on, One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you, Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer. Your maſter quits you; and for your ſervice done him, So much againſt the metal of your ſex, [*To* Viol. So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding; (And ſince you called me maſter for ſo long,) Here is my hand, you ſhall from this time be Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter,—you are ſhe.

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Enter MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?
Oli. Ay, my Lord, the ſame: how now, Malvolio?
Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notori-
Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. [ous wrong.
Mal. Lady, you have; pray you peruſe that letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then;
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bade me come ſmiling, and croſs-gartered to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffered me to be impriſoned,
Kept in a dark houſe, viſited by the prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious geck and gull
That e'er Invention played on? tell me why?
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Tho', I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe [ſmiling,
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cameſt thou
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppoſed
Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.
Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak,
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it ſhall not,

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Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf and Sir Toby
Set this device againſt Malvolio here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived againſt him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance,
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was followed,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be juſtly weighed,
That have on both ſides paſt.

Oli. Alas poor fool! how have they baffled thee?

Clo. Why, "ſome are born great, ſome atchieve "greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon "them." I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, Sir; but that's all one:——"By the "Lord, fool, I am not mad;"——but do you remember, Madam,——"why laugh you at ſuch a "barren raſcal? an you ſmile not, he's gagged:" and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abuſed.

Duke. Purſue him, and intreat him to a peace;
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A ſolemn combination ſhall be made
Of our dear ſouls. Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence.—Ceſario, come;
(For ſo you ſhall be, while you are a man;)
But when in other habits you are ſeen,
Orſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

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Clown *ſings*.

When that I was an a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt knaves and thieves men ſhut their gate,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done;
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [*Exit.*

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THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

KING LEAR.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEAR, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ſter.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to* Glo'ſter.
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to* Glo'ſter.
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Doctor.
Fool.
Oſwald, *Steward to* Goneril.
A Captain, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ſter.
Servant to Cornwall.
1ſt, 2d, } *Servants to* Glo'ſter.

Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, } *Daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE lyes in Britain.

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KING LEAR.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the King's Palace.*

Enter KENT, GLO'STER, *and* EDMUND *the Baſtard.*

KENT.

I THOUGHT the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the diviſion of the kingdom, it appears not which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weighed, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my Lord?

Glo. His breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſhed to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round wombed; and had, indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault undone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I have a ſon, Sir, by order of law, ſome year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came ſomewhat ſaucily to the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good ſport at his making,

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and the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged. Do you know this nobleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of Kent;------

Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My ſervices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt love you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy your deſerving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he ſhall again. [*Trumpets ſound within.*

The King is coming.

Enter King LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Glo'ſter.

Glo. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we ſhall expreſs our darker purpoſe.

Give me the map here. Know, we have divided
In three our kingdom; and 'tis our faſt intent
To ſhake all cares and buſineſs from our age;
Conferring them on younger ſtrengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death. Our ſon of Cornwall,
And you, our no leſs loving ſon of Albany;
We have this hour a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſeveral dowers, that future ſtrife
May be prevented now. The Princes France and Burgundy,
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their amorous ſojourn,
And here are to be anſwered. Tell me, daughters,
(Since now we will diveſt us both of rule,
Intereſt of territory, cares of ſtate);
Which of you, ſhall we ſay, doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,

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Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found:
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall Cordelia do? love and be ſilent. [*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, even from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions riched,
With plenteous rivers and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee Lady. To thine and Albany's iſſue
Be this perpetual.--What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt Regan, wife of Cornwall? ſpeak.

Reg. I'm made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth, in my true heart. (1)
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort; that I profeſs
Myſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not ſo, ſince, I am ſure, my love's
More ponderous than my tongue. [*Aſide.*

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity and pleaſure,

(1) *And prize me at her worth. In my true heart.*] Mr Biſhop preſcribed the pointing of this paſſage, as I have regulated it in the next. Regan would ſay, that in the truth of her heart and affections, ſhe equals the worth of her ſiſter. Without this change in the pointing, ſhe makes a boaſt of herſelf without any cauſe aſſigned.

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Than that conferred on Goneril.---Now our joy,
Although our laſt, not leaſt; to whoſe young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be intereſſed; what ſay you, to draw
A third more opulent than your ſiſters? ſpeak.
Cor. Nothing, my Lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; ſpeak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majeſty,
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You have begot me, bred me, loved me. I
Return thoſe duties back, as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay
They love you all? haply when I ſhall wed,
That lord whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all.——
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo untender?
Cor. So young, my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowry:
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of Hecate and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs
From whom we do exiſt and ceaſe to be,
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,

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And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this for ever. The barb'rous Scy-
Or he that makes his generation meſſes [thian,
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighboured, pitied, and relieved,
As thou, my ſometime daughter.
Kent. Good, my Liege.——
Lear. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I loved her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my ſight!——
[*To* Cor.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her. Call France: who ſtirs?
Call Burgundy. ——Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters dowers digeſt the third.
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my power,
Preeminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majeſty. Ourſelf by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred knights
By you to be ſuſtained, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns; only retain
The name and all th' addition to a king;
The ſway, revenue, execution,
Beloved ſons, be yours; which to confirm,
This Cor'net part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*
Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honoured as my King,
Loved as my father, as my maſter followed,
And as my patron thought on in my prayers——
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be Kent unmannerly,

When Lear is mad: what wouldeſt thou do, old man?
Thinkeſt thou that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainneſs honour
Is bound, when Majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy ſtate; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage againſt thy foes; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my ſight!

Kent. See better, Lear, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by Apollo----------

Kent. Now by Apollo, King,
Thou ſweareſt thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant!---

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrained pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature, nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world;
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back

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Upon our kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked. [appear,

Kent. Fare thee well, King; sith thus thou wilt
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly thinkest, and hast most rightly said;
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.
Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Enter GLO'STER, *with* FRANCE *and* BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
Lear. My Lord of Burgundy, [Lord. (2).
We first address tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rival'd for our daughter; what at least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than what your Highness offered,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we held her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands,
If aught within that little seeming substance,
Or all of it with our displeasure piec'd,

(2) Cor. *Here's* France *and* Burgundy, *my noble Lord.*] The generality of the editions, ancient and modern, stupidly place this verse to Cordelia. But I have, upon the authority of the old Quarto, restored it to the right owner, Glo'ster, who was, but a little before, sent by the King to conduct France and Burgundy to him.

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And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowered with our curse, and strangered with our oath,
Take her; or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir:
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the Power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great King,
[*To* France.
I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch, whom Nature is ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, who ev'n but now was your best object,
Your praise's argument, balm of your age,
Dearest and best, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! sure her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it; (3) or your fore-vouch'd affection

(3) *As* monstrous *is*;] This bald reading is a modern sophistication: the oldest and best copies read;

That monsters it—

i. e. that makes a monster, a prodigy of it: and our Poet uses this verb elsewhere in such a sense. So Albany, afterwards in this play, says to Goneril his wife;

Thou changed, and self-converted thing! for shame,
Be-monster not thy features.

And so, in Coriolanus;

I'd rather have one scratch my head i' th' sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings *monstered*.

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Fall'n into taint; which to believe of her,
Muſt be a faith that reaſon, without miracle,
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty
(If, for I want that glib and oily art
To ſpeak and purpoſe not, ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonoured ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;
But even for want of that for which I'm richer,
A ſtill ſolliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou [better.
Hadſt not been born, than not have pleaſed me

France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke
That it intends to do? My Lord of Burgundy,
What ſay you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards that ſtand
Aloof from th' intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is herſelf a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which yourſelf propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Ducheſs of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing:-----I've ſworn.

Bur. I'm ſorry, then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife. [poor,

France. Faireſt Cordelia, that art moſt rich, being
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt loved, deſpiſed!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:

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Be't lawful I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their coldeſt
My love ſhould kindle to enflamed reſpect. [neglect
Thy dow'rleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the Dukes of wat'riſh Burgundy
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious maid of me.
Bid them farewel, Cordelia, tho' unkind;
Thou loſeſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, France; let her be thine,
Have no ſuch daughter; nor ſhall ever ſee [for we
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon.
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flouriſh.* *Exeunt* Lear *and* Burgundy.

France. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſhed eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our fa-
To your profeſſing boſoms I commit him; [ther:
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
As fortune's alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you have want-
ed. (4)

(4) *And well are worth the* want *that you have* wanted.] This is a very obſcure expreſſion, and muſt be pieced out with an implied ſenſe to be underſtood. This I take to be the Poet's meaning, ſtript of the jingle which makes it dark; You well deſerve to meet with that *want* of love from your huſband, which you have profeſſed to *want* for our father.

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Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plated cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* France *and* Cor.

Gen. Siſter, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both.
I think our father will go hence to-night.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſervation we have made of it hath not been little; he always loved our ſiſter moſt, and with what poor judgment he hath now caſt her off, appears too groſsly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but ſlenderly known himſelf.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath been but raſh; then muſt we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardneſs that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconſtant ſtarts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's baniſhment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him; pray you, let us hit together; if our father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he bears, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We ſhall further think of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*

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SCENE *changes to a Caſtle belonging to the Earl of* Glo'ſter.

Enter EDMUND *with a Letter.*

Edm. Thou, Nature, art my goddeſs; to thy law
My ſervices are bound: wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtom, and permit
The courteſy of nations to deprive me, (5)
For that I am ſome twelve or fourteen moon-ſhines
Lag of a brother? Why *baſtard?* wherefore *baſe?*
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who in the luſty ſtealth of Nature, take (6)

(5) *The nicety of nations,*] This is Mr Pope's reading, *ex cathedra*; for it has the ſanction of none of the copies that I have met with. They all indeed give it us, by a fooliſh corruption,——the *curioſity* of nations; but I ſome time ago proved, that our Author's word was, *courteſy*. So again, in *As you like it*;

The courteſy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the firſt-born.

And again, in *Cymbeline* this word ſtands for birth-right;

——————aye hopeleſs
To have the *courteſy* your cradle promiſed.

Nor muſt we forget that tenure in our laws, whereby ſome lands are held by the *courteſy* of England. And I ought to take notice, that I had the concurrence of the ingenious Dr Thirlby, who hinted to me this very emendation, before he knew I made it.

(6) *Who in the luſty ſtealth of Nature,*] Theſe fine lines are a very ſignal proof of our Author's admirable art, in giving proper ſentiments to his characters; and ſuch a proof as hath in it ſomething very extraordinary. The Baſtard's character is that of a confirmed Atheiſt; and the Poet's making him ridicule judicial Aſtrology was deſigned as one inſtance of that character: for that impious juggle had a

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More compoſition and fierce quality;
Than doth within a dull, ſtale tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a ſleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I muſt have your land;
Our father's love is to the baſtard Edmund,
As to the legitimate; fine word—legitimate——
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the Baſe
Shall be the legitimate.—I grow, I proſper;
Now, Gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

To him Enter GLO'STER.

Glo. Kent baniſhed thus! and France in choler parted!
And the King gone to-night! ſubſcribed his power!
Confined to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad!——Edmund, how now! what news?

Edm. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

religious reverence paid it at that time; and Shakeſpeare makes his beſt characters in this very play own and acknowledge the force of the ſtars' influence. The Poet, in ſhort, gives an atheiſtical turn to all his ſentiments; and how much the lines following this are in this character, may be ſeen by that ſtrange monſtrous wiſh, which Vanini, the infamous Neapolitan atheiſt, made in his tract *De Admirandis Naturæ*; printed at Paris in 1616, the very year that our Author died. "*O! utinam extra legitimum et connubialem thorum eſſem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluiſſent ardentius, ac cumulatim aſſatimque generoſa femina contuliſſent; a quibus ego formæ blanditiam et elegantiam, robuſtas corporis vires, mentemque innubilam conſequatus fuiſſem. At quia conjugatorum ſum ſoboles, his orbatus ſum bonis.*"—— Now had this book been publiſhed ten years before, who would not have ſworn that Shakeſpeare hinted at this paſſage? But the divinity of his genius here, as it were, foretold what ſuch an atheiſt, as Vanini was, would ſay when he wrote upon this ſubject. Mr *Warburton.*

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Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my Lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide itſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have peruſed, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain or give it; the contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's juſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay or taſte of my virtue.

Glo. reads.] "This policy and reverence of age "makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times; "keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldneſs cannot reliſh them. I begin to find an idle and fond "bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny; which "ſways not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered. "Come to me, that of this I may ſpeak more. If "our father would ſleep till I waked him, you "ſhould enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live "the beloved of your brother EDGAR."

Hum!---Conſpiracy!---ſleep 'till I wake him---you ſhould enjoy half his revenue---my ſon Edgar! had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the caſement of my cloſet.

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Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his; but in reſpect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my Lord: I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before ſounded you in this buſineſs?

Edm. Never, my Lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that ſons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father ſhould be as ward to the ſon, and his ſon manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, deteſted, brutiſh villain! worſe than brutiſh! Go, Sirrah, ſeek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my Lord; if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, 'till you can derive from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhould run a certain courſe; where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter—

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Edm. Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him——Heaven and Earth! Edmund, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom. I would unſtate myſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Edm. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently; convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us; though the wiſdom of Nature can reaſon it thus and thus, yet Nature finds itſelf ſcourged by the ſequent effects. Love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond cracked 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's ſon againſt father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, Edmund; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully——And the noble and true-hearted Kent baniſhed! his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange! [*Exit.*

Manet EDMUND.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon and ſtars (7); as if we

(7) *We make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon, and ſtars;*] It was the opinion of judicial aſtrologers, that whatſoever good diſpoſitions the infant, unborn, might be endowed with, either from nature or traductively from its parents; yet if, at the hour of birth, its delivery was by any caſual

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were villains on neceſſity; fools by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an inforced obedience of a planetary influence; and all that we are evil in by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a ſtar! My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Urſa major*; ſo that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

To him Enter EDGAR.

Pat!------he comes, like the cataſtrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous melancholy, with a ſigh like Tom o' Bedlam-----O, theſe eclipſes portend theſe diviſions! fa, ſol, la, mi------

Edg. How now, brother Edmund, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſy yourſelf with that?

Edm. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of ſucceed unhappily. When ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

accident ſo accelerated, or retarded, that it fell in with the predominancy of a malignant conſtellation; that momentary influence would entirely change its nature, and bias it to all the contrary ill qualities.——This was ſo wretched and monſtrous an opinion, that it well deſerved and was well fitted for the laſh of ſatire. Mr *Warburton*.

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Edm. Parted you in good terms? found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear: I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my Lord speak: pray you, go, there's my key; if you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother!

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best. I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

Edm. I do serve you in this business.
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy: I see the business.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

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Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him: say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-ruled. Idle old man, (8)
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, like flatterers when they're seen t'abuse us.
Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so: I'll write strait to my sister to hold my course: prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an open Place before the Palace.*

Enter KENT *disguised.*

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,

(8) *Idle old man,*] The following lines, as they are fine in themselves, and very much in character for Goneril, I have restored from the old Quarto. The last verse, which I have ventured to amend, is there printed thus;

With checks, like *flatteries* when they are seen *abused.*

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And can my ſpeech diffuſe, my good intent (9)
May carry thro' itſelf to that full iſſue,
For which I razed my likeneſs. Now, banished Kent,
If thou canſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemned,
So may it come, thy maſter, whom thou loveſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, *Knights and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready:
How now, what art thou? [*To Kent.*

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? what would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe and ſays little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eat no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

(9) *And can my ſpeech* diſuſe,] This reading we derived firſt from Mr Rowe's edition; and from hence it has taken poſſeſſion in the two impreſſions given us by Mr Pope. But the Poet's word was certainly *diffuſe*: and Kent would ſay, If I can but ſo ſpread out my accents, *(de telle ſorte eſpandre*, as the French term it) vary my tone and utterance ſo *widely* from what it uſed to be as to *diſguiſe* it, &c. And *diffuſed* in this ſenſe of *obſolete*, *diſguiſed*, our Poet has more than once employed;

Let them from forth a ſaw-pitruſh at once;
With ſome *diffuſed* ſong. —— *Merry Wives of Windſor.*
To ſwearing, and ſtern looks, *diffuſed* attire.
King Henry V.
Vouchſafe, *diffuſed* infection of a man.
King Richard III.

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Lear. If thou beſt as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner—where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you—— [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? call the clod-pole back: where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's aſleep: how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I called him?

Knight. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your Highneſs is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my Lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wronged.

Lear. Thou but remembereſt me of my own conception. I have perceived a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young Lady's going into France, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lady's father.

Lear. My Lady's father? my Lord's knave!—you whoreſon dog, you ſlave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my Lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal? [*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my Lord.

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Kent. Nor tripped neither, you baſe foot-ball player. [*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerveſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry; but away, go to: have you wiſdom? ſo.— [*Puſhes the* Steward *out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earneſt of thy ſervice.

To them enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb. [*Giving his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'ſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part that is out of favour; nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has baniſhed two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb myſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, ſirrah, the whip.——

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel, he muſt be whipped out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech. [*To* Kent.

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Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't. Can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool!——

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord that counſelled thee to give away thy land, (10)
Come, place him here by me! do thou for him ſtand;
The ſweet and bitter Fool will preſently appear,
The one, in motley here; the other, found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

(10) Fool. *That lord that counſelled thee*—] Theſe four lines I have reſtored from the old Quarto; and ſurely the retrenchment of them by the players was very injudicious: for, without them, how very abſurdly does Lear reply, Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

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Kent. This is not altogether fool, my Lord.

Fool. No, faith; lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to myſelf, they'll be ſnatching. Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and ate up the meat, the two crowns of the egg: when thou cloveſt thy crown i' th' middle, and gaveſt away both parts, thou boreſt thine aſs on thy back o'er the dirt; thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gaveſt thy golden one away. If I ſpeak like myſelf in this, let him be whipped that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools ne'er had leſs grace in a year, [*Singing.*
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, e'er ſince thou madeſt thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gaveſt them the rod, and putteſt down thine own breeches,

Then they for ſudden joy did weep, [*Singing.*
And I for ſorrow ſung;
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prythee, nuncle, keep a ſchoolmaſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, ſome-

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times I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any other kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o' both ſides, and left nothing i' th' middle: here comes one of the parings.

To them enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i' th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.——Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To* Goneril.] ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. [*Singing.*
That's a ſhealed peaſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licenſed fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots.
I thought by making this well known unto you
T' have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what yourſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which elſe were ſhame,) that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
"The hedge-ſparrow fed the cuckoo ſo long,
"That it had its head bit off by its young;"

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So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.
Lear. Are you our daughter? [wiſdom,
Gon. I would you would make uſe of your good
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.
Fool. May not an aſs know when the cart draws the horſe? whoop, Jug, I love thee.
Lear. Does any here know me? this is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are letharged——Ha! waking——'tis not ſo;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Lear's ſhadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,
I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman?——
Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o' th' ſavour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you
To underſtand my purpoſes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, ſhould be wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred knights and ſquires,
Men ſo diſordered, ſo debauched and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn; epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a graced palace. Shame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſired
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
‡ Of fifty to diſquantity your train;
And the remainders, that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,

‡ "*A little* is the common reading; but it appears, from "what Lear ſays in the next ſcene, that this number fifty "was required to be cut off, which (as the editions ſtood) "is no where ſpecified by Goneril." Mr. *Pope.*

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And know themſelves and you.

Lear. Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes, call my train together.——
Degen'rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſordered rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

To them enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents——O, Sir, are you come?
Is it your will, ſpeak, Sir? prepare my horſes.——
[*To* Albany.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter!

Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.

Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt. [*To* Goneril.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their names. O moſt ſmall fault!
How ugly didſt thou in Cordelia ſhew? [ture
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of na-
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
[*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord——
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddeſs, hear a father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,

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Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,
Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatured torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks: (11)
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is
To have a thankleſs child.—Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourſelf to know of it;
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope
That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?————

Alb. What's the matter, Sir? [aſhamed

Lear. I'll tell thee—— life and death! I am
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus;
[*To* Gon.
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blaſts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe (12)

(11) *With* cadent *tears*] Mr Warburton very happily here ſuſpects our Author wrote, *cadent*, as an epithet of much more energy, and more likely to effect Lear's imprecation. He brings in confirmation what the King ſays preſently after;

That theſe hot tears, that break from me perforce.

And what he ſays towards the end of the 4th act:

——but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.

(12) *Th'* untender *woundings*] I have here reſtored the reading of all the genuine copies, which Mr Pope had de-

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Pierce every ſenſe about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo: I have another daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find
That I'll reſume the ſhape which thou doſt think
I have caſt off for ever. [*Ex.* Lear *and Attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you,——

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, Oſwald, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, take the fool with thee:
A fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter.
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counſel,—a hundred Knights!
'Tis politic, and ſafe, to let him keep

graded, as it ſeems the moſt expreſſive, and conveys an image exactly ſuiting with the Poet's thought. 'Tis true, *untender* ſignifies, *ſharp, ſevere, harſh,* and all the oppoſites to the idea of *tender*. But as a wound untented is apt to rankle inwards, ſmart and feſter, I doubt not but Shakeſpeare meant to intimate here, that a father's curſe ſhall be a wounding of ſuch a ſharp, inveterate nature, that nothing ſhall be able to *tent* it; *i. e.* to ſearch the bottom, and help in the cure of it. We have a paſſage in *Cymbeline*, that very ſtrongly confirms this meaning:

I've heard I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear
(Therein falſe ſtruck) can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that.

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A hundred Knights; yes, that on every dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives at mercy. Oſwald, I ſay.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far;---

Gon. Safer than truſt too far.
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be harmed. I know his heart;
What he hath uttered, I have writ my ſiſter:
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have ſhewed the unfitneſs----

Enter Steward.

How now, Oſwald?
What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe;
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own
As may compact it more. So get you gone,
And haſten your return. [*Exit* Steward.
---------No, no, my Lord,
This milky gentleneſs and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more at taſk for want of wiſdom,
Than praiſed for harmful mildneſs.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then-----

Alb. Well, well, the event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Court-yard belonging to the* Duke *of* Albany's *Palace.*

Re-enter LEAR, KENT, Gentleman *and* Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Glo'ſter with theſe letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any

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thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleep, my Lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, were't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly; for though ſhe's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ſt tell, boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can'ſt thou tell why one's noſe ſtands i' th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either ſide one's noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong-----

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature: ſo kind a father! be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em. The reaſon why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

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Fool. Yes, indeed; thou would'ſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce!-----monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhouldeſt not have been old 'till thou had'ſt been wiſe

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet Heaven! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my Lord.

Lear. Come, boy. [departure,

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *a Caſtle belonging to the Earl of* Glo'ſter.

Enter EDMUND *and* CURAN, *ſeverally.*

EDMUND.

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall, and Regan his Ducheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whiſpered ones; for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you what are they?

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Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The Duke be here to-night! the better! beſt!
This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs;
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy queſtion
Which I muſt act: briefneſs and fortune work!
Brother, a word; deſcend; brother, I ſay;----

To him enter EDGAR.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night-----
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now i' th' night, i' th' haſte,
And Regan with him; have you nothing ſaid
Upon his party 'gainſt the Duke of Albany?
Adviſe yourſelf.

Edg. I'm ſure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me—
In cunning I muſt draw my ſword upon you----
Draw, ſeem to defend yourſelf.
Now quit you well——
Yield—come before my father—light hoa, here!---
Fly, brother---torches!---ſo farewel---- [*Exit* Edg.
Some blood drawn on me, would beget opinion.
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport. Father! father!
Stop, ſtop, no help?——

To him enter GLO'STER, *and* Servants, *with Torches.*

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

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Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conj'ring the moon
To ſtand's auſpicious miſtreſs.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could——

Glo. Purſue him, hoa! go after. By no means what——

Edm. Perſuade me to the murder of your Lord-ſhip;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainſt parricides did all their thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to the father.—Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared ſword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced my arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, rouſed to the encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught
And found: diſpatch—the noble Duke my maſter,
My worthy and arch-patron, comes to-night; (13)
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,

(13) *My worthy* arch and *patron,*] I can meet with no authority of this word uſed in this manner, to ſignify my prince, my chief; but always as an epitatic particle prefixed and annexed to another noun: and therefore I have ventured to ſuppoſe a tranſpoſition of the copulative, and that we ought to read, arch-patron, as arch-duke, arch-angel, arch-biſhop, &c.

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Bringing the murderous coward to the ſtake;
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſed ſpeech
I threatened to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing baſtard! doſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? no; what I ſhould deny,—
(As this I would, although thou didſt produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O ſtrange, faſtened villain!
Would he deny his letter?——I never got him.—
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.——
All ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
(Loyal and natural boy!) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWAL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th' offender; how does my Lord?

Glo. O Madam, my old heart is cracked, it's cracked!

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Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your
He whom my father named your Edgar? [life,

Glo. O Lady, Lady, shame would have it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
That tend upon my father? [knights

Glo. I know not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.

Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expence and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well informed of them; and with such cautions,
That if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing harm: make your own purpose
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need:
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, Sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you—

Reg. Thus out of season threading dark-eyed
night; (14)

(14)——threading *dark-eyed night*;] I have not ventured

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Occasions, noble Glo'ster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of diff'rences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter KENT *and* Steward, *severally.*

Stew. Good evening to thee, friend? art of this house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suit-

to displace this reading, though I have great suspicion that the Poet wrote,

——treading dark-eyed night.

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obscure and mean an allusion. It must either be borrowed from the cant-phrase of threading of alleys, *i. e.* going through by-passages to avoid the high streets; or to threading a needle in the dark.

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ed, hundred pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that would'st be a bawd in way of good service; and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clam'rous whining, if thou dénieſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee!

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! is it two days ago, ſince I tripped up thy heels, and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue; for though it be night, yet the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o' th' moonſhine of you; you whoreſon, cullionly, barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away, I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal; you come with letters againſt the King; and take Vanity the Puppet's part, againſt the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks;——draw, you raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, hoa! murder! help!——

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand, you neat ſlave, ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help, hoa! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLO'STER, *and* Servants.

Edm. How now? what's the matter? part.——

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh ye; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

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Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies that ſtrikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the King!

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my Lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtirred your valour; you cowardly raſcal! Nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, Sir; a ſtone-cutter, or a painter, could not have made him ſo ill, though they had been but two hours o' th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpared at ſuit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whoreſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter! my Lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail!

Corn. Peace, ſirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence!

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhould wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain (15)

(15) *Like rats, oft bite the* holy *cords a-twaine,*
Which are too intrice *to unlooſe*:] Thus the firſt editors blundered this paſſage into unintelligible nonſenſe. Mr Pope ſo far has diſengaged them, as to give us plain ſenſe: but by throwing out the epithet *holy*, 'tis evident he was not aware of the Poet's fine meaning. I'll firſt eſtabliſh and prove the reading, then explain the alluſion. Thus the Poet gave it;

Like rats, oft bite the *holy* cords in twain,
Too *intrinſicate* to unlooſe——

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Too intrinſicate t' unloose: ſooth every paſſion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels,
Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their maſters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptic viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon Sarum-plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot. (16)

This word again occurs in our Author's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where ſhe is ſpeaking to the aſpick;

——Come, mortal wretch,
With thy ſharp teeth this knot *intrinſicate*
Of life at once untie.

And we meet with it in *Cynthia' Revels* by Ben Johnſon:

Yet there are certain *puntilios*, or (as I may more nakedly inſinuate them) certain *intrinſicate* ſtrokes and wards, to which your activity is not yet amounted, &c.

It means inward, hidden, perplexed, as a knot, hard to be unravelled; it is derived from the Latin adverb *intrinſecus*; from which the Italians have coined a very beautiful phraſe, *intrinſicarſi col uno*, *i. e* to grow intimate with, to wind one ſelf into another. And now to our Author's ſenſe. Kent is rating the ſteward as a paraſite of Goneril's; and ſuppoſes very juſtly, that he has fomented the quarrel betwixt that princeſs and her father: in which office, he compares him to a ſacrilegious rat; and by a fine metaphor, as Mr. Warburton obſerved to me, ſtyles the union between parents and children the *holy cords*.

(16) ——*cackling home to* Camelot.] As Sarum, or Saliſbury plain, is mentioned in the preceding verſe, I preſume this Camelot to be that mentioned by Holingſhead, and called *Camaletum*, in the marſhes of Somerſetſhire, where there was an old tradition of a very ſtrong caſtle. Langham, in his account of Queen Elizabeth's reception at Kenilworth, ſays, from King Arthur's acts, that that Prince kept his royal court at Camelot: but whether this be the place already mentioned, or ſome other of that name in Wales, or the Camelot in Stirling county in Scotland, I am not able to ſay.

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Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? what is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stand on any shoulders that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who having been praised for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wrath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front——

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect; which you discommend so much: I know, Sir, I am no flatterer: he, that beguiled you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to intreat me to't.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleased the King his master very lately

To ſtrike at me upon his miſconſtruction;
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his diſpleaſure,
Tript me behind; being down, inſulted, rail'd,
And put upon him ſuch a deal of man,
That worthied him; got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelf-ſubdu'd;
And, in the fleſhment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of theſe rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks.
You ſtubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you----------

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your ſtocks for me, I ſerve the King,
On whoſe employment I was ſent to you.
You ſhall do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stocking his meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the ſtocks:
As I have life and honour, there ſhall he ſit 'till noon.

Reg. 'Till noon! 'till night, my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not uſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*

Corn. This is a fellow of the ſelf-ſame nature
Our ſiſter ſpeaks of. Come, bring away the ſtocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace not to do ſo:
His fault is much, and the good King his maſter
Will check him for't; your purpoſed low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and the meaneſt wretches
For pilf'rings, and moſt common treſpaſſes,
Are puniſhed with. The King muſt take it ill
That he, ſo ſlightly valued in his meſſenger,

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Should have him thus restrained.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.—
[Kent *is put into the stocks.*
Come, my Lord, away. [*Exeunt* Regan *and* Cornwall.

Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd. I'll intreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watched and travelled hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good-morrow.

Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that must approve the common saw
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,
[*Looking up to the moon.*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery. I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been informed
Of my obscured course. I shall find time,
From this enormous state, and seek to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watched,
Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel.
[*He sleeps.*

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SCENE *changes to a part of a Heath.*

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I've heard myſelf proclaimed;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Eſcaped the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That guard and moſt unuſual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'ſcape,
I will preſerve myſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt ſhape,
That ever penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elſe all my hair in knots; (17)
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of rofemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, ſheep-cotts and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, ſometimes with prayers,
Inforce their charity; poor Turlygood! poor Tom!--
That's ſomething yet: Edgar I nothing am. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes again to the Earl of* Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter LEAR, Fool, *and* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.

(17) ——*put all my hair in knots:*] This is a modern reading: all the old copies intended to read, and the firſt folio actually does;

——*elfe* all my hair in knots.

i. e. twiſt it in the manner of *elfe-locks: i. e.* hairs ſo intricately interwove, as not to be diſengaged; and by ſuperſtition ſuppoſed to have been twiſted by Elves, or Fairies.

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Gent. As I learned
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!

Lear. Ha! makeſt thou thy ſhame thy paſtime?

Kent. No, my Lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horſes are tied by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-ſtocks.

Lear. What's he that hath ſo much thy place
To ſet thee here? [miſtook,

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I ſay.

Kent. I ſay, yea.

Lear. By Jupiter, I ſwear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I ſwear, ay.

Lear. They durſt not do't,
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage: [murder,
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou mighteſt deſerve, or they impoſe, this uſage,
Coming from us?

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs' letters to them,

We find them mentioned in our Author's *Romeo and Juliet*;

That plaits the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the *elfe-locks* in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which once untangled, much miſfortune bodes.

And in the induction to Ben Johnſon's *Magnetick Lady*;

——But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot, or *elfe-lock*; which nothing but the ſheers, or a candle, will undo or ſeparate.

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Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My duty kneeling, came a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutation;
Delivered letters spight of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents
They summoned up their meiny, strait took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poisoned mine,
(Being the very fellow which of late
Displayed so saucily against your Highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew:
He raised the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
Fathers that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.
But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours from thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. Oh, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Hysterica passio,——down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [*Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more offence
But what you speak of?

Kent. None.
How chance the King comes with so small a number?

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Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i' th' ſtocks for that queſtion, thou'dſt well deſerved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' th' winter. All, that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking.—Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.

That Sir, which ſerves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm:
But I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learned you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' th' ſtocks, fool.

Enter LEAR *and* GLO'STER.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? they're ſick, they're weary,
They have travelled all the night? mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better anſwer-------

Glo. My dear Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke:
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!—

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Fiery? what fiery quality? Why, Glo'ſter,
I'd ſpeak with the Duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good Lord, I have informed them ſo.

Lear. Informed them? doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good Lord.

Lear. The King would ſpeak with Cornwall, the dear father
Won'd with his daughter ſpeak; commands her ſervice:
Are they informed of this?--My breath and blood!--
Fiery? the fiery Duke? tell the hot Duke, that---
No, but not yet; may be he is not well;
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourſelves,
When nature, being oppreſs'd, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpoſed and ſickly fit
For the ſound man.--Death on my ſtate! but where-
Should he ſit here? this act perſuades me, [fore
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now, preſently,---bid them come forth and hear me;
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry, ſleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my riſing heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when ſhe put them i' th' paſty alive; ſhe rapt 'em o' th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, down wantons, down. 'Twas her brother that in pure kindneſs to his horſe buttered his hay.

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Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLO'STER *and Servants.*

Lear. Good-morrow to you both.
Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſs.
Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reaſon
I have to think ſo; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adultereſs. O, are you free?
[*To* Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved Regan,
Thy ſiſter's nought: oh Regan, ſhe hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindneſs, like a vulture, here;
[*Points to his heart.*
I can ſcarce ſpeak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality---oh Regan!----
Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have hope
You leſs know how to value her deſert,
Than ſhe to ſcant her duty.
Lear. Say? how is that!——
Reg. I cannot think my ſiſter in the leaſt
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
She have reſtrained the riots of your followers,
'Tis on ſuch ground, and to ſuch wholſome end,
As clears her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her!——
Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very verge
Of her confine; you ſhould be ruled and led
By ſome diſcretion that diſcerns your ſtate
Better than you yourſelf: therefore I pray you,
That to our ſiſter you do make return:
Say you have wronged her, Sir.
Lear. Aſk her forgiveneſs?
Do you but mark how this becomes the uſe? (18)

(18) *Do you but mark how this becomes the* houſe?] This

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Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed and food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
Lear. Never, Regan:
She hath abated me of half my train;
Looked blank upon me; struck me with her tongue, (19)
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.

phrase is to me unintelligible, and seems to say nothing to the purpose: neither can it mean, as I conceive, how this becomes the order of families. Lear would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my daughter's forgiveness become me as a father, and agree with common fashion, the established rule and custom of nature? And therefore it seems no doubt to me, but the Poet wrote, as I have altered the text. Let us examine how he has expressed himself elsewhere upon this sentiment.

Alonso says, in the *Tempest*;

But, oh, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness?

And Volumnia, in *Coriolanus*, says to her son;

I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty, as mistaken all the while
Between the child and parent.

Now what is *odd*, and *improper*, and *mistaken*, must be concluded to be against rule and custom: and that Shakespeare employs *use* in this signification, is too obvious to want a proof.

(19) *Looked* black *upon me*;] This is a phrase which I do not understand; neither have I any where else met with it. But to *look blank* is a known expression, signifying either to give discouraging looks to another, or to stand dismayed and disappointed one's self. The Poet means here, that Regan gave him cold looks, as he before phrases it in this play. In *Hamlet*, he has changed the adjective into a verb;

Each opposite, that *blanks* the face of joy.

Milton (a studious imitator not only of our Poet's words, but phrases) often uses *blank* in our Author's sense here;

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All the ſtored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! ſtrike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs!——

Corn. Fy, Sir! fy!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! infect her beauty,
You fen-ſucked fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun
To fall, and blaſt her pride.

Reg. O the bleſt gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give (20)
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine

There without ſign of boaſt, or ſign of joy,
Sollicitous and *blank*, he thus began. *Par. Reg. B* 2.
And with confuſion *blank* his worſhippers. *Samſ. Agoniſt.*
And noble grace, that daſhed brute violence
With ſudden adoration and *blank* awe.
Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle.

——Adam, ſoon as he heard
The fatal treſpaſs done by Eve, amazed,
Aſtonied ſtood and *blank*: *Par. Loſt. B.* 9.

And in another paſſage, with an equivalent expreſſion;

Thus while he ſpake, each paſſion *dimmed* his face.
Ibid. B. 4.

(20) *Thy* tender-hearted *nature*] This, as I preſume, was Mr Pope's ſophiſtication; I have reſtored from the old copies, *tender-hefted*; (which, I am ſatisfied, was the Poet's word) *i. e.* whoſe boſom is *heaved* with tender paſſions. So in *Winter's Tale*;

——But if one preſent
The abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent *hefts*.

And again afterwards in the ſame play;

——'Tis ſuch as you,
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs *heavings*.

So, ſpeaking of Cordelia's grief, in our preſent play,

Once, or twice,
She *heaved* the name of father
Pantingly forth.

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Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o' the Kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good Sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpet within.*

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her letter,
That she would soon be here. Is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my sight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I've good hope
Thou didst not know on't.——Who comes here?
O Heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway (21)
Hallow obedience, if yourselves are old,

And so the Dauphin, in *King John*;

Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart *heave* away this storm.

(21) ——*if your sweet sway*
Allow *obedience*,] Could any man in his senses, and Lear has them yet, make it a question whether Heaven *allowed* obedience? undoubtedly the Poet wrote——hallow obedience,—*i. e.* if by your ordinances you hold and pronounce it *sanctified*, and punish the violators of it as sacrilegious persons.

Mr *Warburton.*

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Make it your cauſe; ſend down and take my part.
Art not aſhamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, Sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.

Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?---how came my man i' the ſtocks?

Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own diſorders
Deſerved much leſs advancement.

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion
Which ſhall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her? and fifty men diſmiſſed?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuſe (22)
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
To wage, againſt the enmity o' the air,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch ——Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerleſs took
Our youngeſt born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'ſquire-like penſion beg,
To keep baſe life a-foot. ——Return with her?
Perſuade me rather to be ſlave and ſumpter
To this deteſted groom.

(22) ——————*and chuſe*
To wage againſt the enmity o' th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
Neceſſity's ſharp pinch.] The breach of the ſenſe here is a manifeſt proof that theſe lines were tranſpoſed by the firſt editors; neither can there be any ſyntax or grammatical coherence, unleſs we ſuppoſe *Neceſſity's ſharp pinch* to be the accuſative to *wage*. As I've placed the verſes, the ſenſe is fine and eaſy, and the ſentence compleat and finiſhed.

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Gon. At your choice, Sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad;
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my flesh,
Which I muſt needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-ſore, or imboſſed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let ſhame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer ſhoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high judging Jove.
Mend when thou can'ſt; be better at thy leiſure.
I can be patient, I can ſtay with Regan;
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether ſo;
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my ſiſter;
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo-----
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſince both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: how in one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my Lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my Lord? if then they chanced to ſlack ye,
We could controul them: if you'll come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

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Lear. I gave you all.——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number; must I come to you
With five and twenty? Regan, said you so? [me.

Reg. And speak't again, my Lord; no more with

Lear. These wicked creatures yet do look well favoured,
When others are more wicked: not being worst,
Stands in some rank of praise: I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my Lord:
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. O, reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest things superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beasts'. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wearest,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But for true need!
You Heavens, give me that patience which I need!
You see me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both:
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger; (23)

(23) *touch me with noble anger*;] It would puzzle one at first to find the sense, and drift, and coherence of this petition: for if the gods sent this affliction for his punishment, how could he expect that they would defeat their own design, and assist him to revenge his injuries, by touching him with

O let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both, (24)
That all the world shall—I will do such things,
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep. I have full cause of weeping.
This heart shall break into a thousand flaws
Or ere I weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Glo'ster, Kent *and* Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and Tempest.*

noble anger? This question cannot well be answered, without going a little further than ordinary for the solution. We may be assured, then, that Shakespeare had here in his mind those opinions the ancient Poets held of the misfortunes of particular families. They tell us, that when the anger of the gods (for any act of impiety) was raised against an offending family, that their method of punishment was this: first, they inflamed the breasts of the children to unnatural acts against their parents; and then of the parents against their children, that they might destroy one another: and that both these outrages were the acts of the gods. To consider Lear as alluding to this, makes his prayers exceeding pertinent and fine. Mr *Warburton.*

(24) *I will have such revenges on you both,*
That all the world shall———] This fine abrupt breaking off, and suppression of passion in its very height, (a figure which the Greek rhetoricians have called ἀποσιωπησις) is very familiar with our Author, as with other good writers, and always gives an energy to the subject. That by Neptune, in the first book of the Æneis, is always quoted as a celebrated instance of this figure:

Quos ego———Sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

What Lear immediately subjoins here, I will do such things, —What they are, yet I know not——seems to carry the visible marks of imitation.

———Magnum est quodcunque paravi;
Quid sit, adhuc dubito. Ovid. Metam. I. 6.
———Haud, quid sit, scio;
Sed grande quiddam est. Senec. in Thyest.

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Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestowed.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly;
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed.
Where is my Lord of Glo'ster?

Enter GLO'STER.

Corn. Followed the old man forth;——he is returned.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

Gon. My Lord, intreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the high winds
Do sorely ruffle: for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their school-masters: shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my Lord, 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o'the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

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ACT III.

SCENE, *a Heath.*

A Storm is heard with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT *and a* Gentleman, *severally.*

KENT.

WHo's there, beſides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

Kent. I know you: where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea;
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change or ceaſe: tears his white hair,
(Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of):
Strives in his little world of man to outſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion
(Although, as yet, the face of it is covered
With mutual cunning) 'twixt Albany and Cornwall:
Who have (as who have not, whom their great ſtars (25)
Throned and ſet high?) ſervants who ſeem no leſs;

(25) *Who have as who have not,*—] The eight ſubſequent verſes were degraded by Mr Pope, as unintelligible, and to

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Which are to France the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Duke's,
Or the hard rein, which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind King; or ſomething deeper,
(Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings---)
But true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this ſcattered kingdom, who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret ſea
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhew their open banner.---Now to you,
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to Dover, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you,
Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee Cordelia,
(As, fear not, but you ſhall) ſhew her that ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fy on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King. [ſay?

Gent. Give me your hand: have you no more to

Kent. Few words, but to effect more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, (in which
you take

no purpoſe. For my part, I ſee nothing in them but what is very eaſy to be underſtood; and the lines ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invaſion: nor without them is the ſenſe of the context compleat.

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That way, I this) he that firſt lights on him,
Hollow the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Storm ſtill. Enter LEAR *and* Fool.

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage,
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout [blow!
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drowned the
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires, [cocks!
Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world;
Crack Nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once (26)
That make ungrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry houſe is better than the rain waters out o'door. Good nuncle, in, and aſk thy daughters bleſſing: here's a night that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;

(26) *Crack Nature's mould, all* germains *ſpill at once.*] Thus all the editions have given us this paſſage, and Mr Pope has explained *germains*, to mean *relations*, or *kindred* elements. Then it muſt have been *germanes* (from the Latin adjective, *germanus*;) a word more than once uſed by our Author, though always falſe ſpelt by his editors. So, in *Hamlet*;

The phraſe would be more *germane* to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides.

And ſo in *Othello*;

You'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for *germanes*.

But the Poet means here, Crack Nature's mould, and ſpill all the ſeeds of matter that are hoarded within it. To retrieve which ſenſe, we muſt write *germins*; (a ſubſtantive derived from *germen*, *σπορὰ*, as the old gloſſaries expound it;) and ſo we muſt again in *Macbeth*;

——Though the treaſure
Of Nature's *germins* tumble all together,
Even till deſtruction ſicken.

And to put this emendation beyond all doubt, I'll produce one more paſſage, where our Author not only uſes the ſame

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Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure;---here I ſtand, your ſlave;
A poor, infirm, weak and deſpiſed old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have, with two pernicious daughters, joined
Your high-engendered battles 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece:
The cod-piece that will houſe, before the head has any,
The head and he ſhall louſe; ſo beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake:
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

To them enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful ſkies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: ſince I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

thought again, but the word that aſcertains my explication. In *Winter's Tale*;

Let Nature cruſh the ſides o' th' earth together,
And marr the *ſeeds* within.

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Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot
carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.
Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch, (27)
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipped of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody
hand;
Thou Perjure, and thou Simular of virtue, (28)
That art inceſtuous: caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming,
Haſt practiſed on man's life!—Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace.—I am a man
More ſinned againſt than ſinning.
Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious, my Lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis raiſed;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſy.

(27) Tremble, *thou wretch*,] Thus Juvenal in his 13th ſatire;

Hi ſunt qui trepidant, et ad omnia fulgura pallent,
Cum tonat, &c.

(28) *Thou* perjured, *and thou ſimular man of virtue*,] The firſt Folio leaves out *ma.* in this verſe: and I believe rightly to the Poet's mind. He would uſe a ſimular of virtue to ſignify a falſe pretender to it; a diſſembler, that would make an outward ſhew of it: as he elſewhere employs *perjure* ſubſtantively, for a perjured creature.

So in *Love's Labour's loſt*;

Why, he comes like a *Perjure*, wearing papers.

And ſo, in his *Troubleſome Reign of King John*, in two parts

But now black-ſpotted *perjure* as he is.

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Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How doſt, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myſelf. Where is the ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a courtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy ere I go;
When prieſts are more in words than matter,
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors tutors;
No heretics burned, but wenches ſuitors;
When every caſe in law is right,
No Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i' th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then ſhall the realm of Albion
Come to great confuſion.
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That going ſhall be uſed with feet.
This prophecy Merlin ſhall make, for I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter GLO'STER *and* EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this un-

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natural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken; (I have locked the letter in my closet:) these injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; (†) we must incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the King my old master must be relieved. There are strange things toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful.

[*Exit.*

Edm. This courtesy forbid thee, shall the Duke
Instantly know, and of that letter too.
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all.
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

(†) *There is part of a power already* landed;] This reading, notwithstanding Mr Pope's declaration in his preface, is not *ex fide codicum*. All the authentic copies read *footed*, *i. e.* on foot, on their march. If this gentleman's nice ear was offended at the word in this place, how came he to let it pass undisturbed in some others? As for instance, afterwards in this play;

And what confederacy have you with the traitors,
Late *footed* in this kingdom?

And again, in *Henry V.*

Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our King
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is *footed* in this land already.

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SCENE *changes to a part of the Heath, with a Hovel.*

Enter LEAR, KENT, *and* Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my Lord; good my Lord, enter;
The tyranny o' th' open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my Lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the ſkin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixed,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i' th' mouth: when the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't?——But I'll puniſh home:
No, I will weep no more---In ſuch a night
To ſhut me out?---Pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all---
O, that way madneſs lyes; let me ſhun that;
No more of that.------
Kent. Good, my Lord, enter here.
Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe:

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This tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more ---but I'll go in:
In, boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty------
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep----
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your looped and windowed raggedneſs defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe?—O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take phyſic, Pomp;
Expoſe thyſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayeſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heavens more juſt.

Edg. within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half! poor Tom.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit; help me, help me. [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Kent. Give me thy hand; who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there i' th' ſtraw? come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *diſguiſed like a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Thro' the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this? (29)

(29) *Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?*] Here Lear's madneſs firſt begins to break out. His mind, long beating on his afflictions, had laid a preparation for his frenzy; and nothing was wanting but ſuch an object as Edgar to ſet it on work, as it were by ſympathy. In this our Author has ſhewn an exquiſite knowledge of Nature as he has, with no leſs propriety, diſtinguiſhed the King's

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow,

real, from the other's *assumed* passion. What Lear says, for the most part, springs either from the source and fountain of his disorder, the injuries done him by his daughters, or his desire of being revenged on them. What Edgar says seems a fantastical wildness, only extorted to disguise sense, and to blunt the suspicion of his concealment. This makes it, that we are always most strongly affected with the King's madness, as we know it to be a real distress. But though what Edgar says seems extravagance of thought, and the coinage of the Poet's brain only, to the end already mentioned; yet I'll venture to assure my readers, his whole frenzy is satire levelled at a modern fact, which made no little noise at that period of time, and consequently must have been a rapturous entertainment to the spectators when it was first presented. The secret is, this: while the Spaniards were preparing their armado against England, the Jesuits were here busily at work to promote the success by making converts. One method they us'd to do this, was to dispossess pretended demoniacs of their own church, by which artifice they made several hundred converts among the common people, and grew so elate upon their success, as to publish an account of their exploits in this wonderful talent of *exorcising*. A main scene of their business, in this seeming-holy discipline, lay in the family of one Mr Edmund Peckham, where Marwood, a servant of Antony Babington's, (who was afterwards executed for treason) Trayford, an attendant upon Mr Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith (three chambermaids in that family) were supposed to be possessed by devils, and came under the hands of the priests for their cure. The parties either so little liked the discipline, or the Jesuits behaved with such ill address, that the consequence was, the imposture was discovered: the demoniacs were examined, and their confessions taken upon oath before the privy council. The whole matter being blown up, the criminals brought to the stake, and the trick of *devil-hunting* brought into ridicule; Dr Harsenet (who was chaplain to archbishop Bancroft, and himself afterwards archbishop of York) wrote a smart narrative of this whole proceeding, under the following title: 'A de-

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and halters in his pew; ſet ratſbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe over four-inched bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor.---Bleſs thy five wits; Tom's a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de;---bleſs thee from whirlwinds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking. Do poor Tom ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?
Couldſt thou ſave nothing? didſt thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerved a blanket, elſe we had been all aſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang faſted o'er mens' faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

"claration of egregious popiſh impoſtures, to withdraw the "hearts of her Majeſty's ſubjects from their allegiance, *&c.* "under the pretence of caſting out devils, practiſed by "Edmunds, alias Weſton, a jeſuit, and divers Romiſh "prieſts, his wicked aſſociates. Whereunto are annexed "the copies of the confeſſions and examinations of the "parties themſelves, which were pretended to be poſſeſſed "and diſpoſſeſſed, *&c.* Printed by James Roberts, in 1603." ---This tranſaction was ſo rife in every body's mouth, upon the acceſſion of King James the Firſt to the crown, that our Poet thought proper to make his court, by helping forward the ridicule of it. I need only obſerve now, that Edgar, through all his frenzy, ſuppoſes himſelf poſſeſſed by fiends; and that the greateſt part of his diſſembled lunacy, the names of his devils, and the deſcriptive circumſtances he alludes to in his own caſe, are all drawn from this pamphlet, and the confeſſions of the poor deluded wretches. The addreſs of our Author, in this popular piece of ſatire, and that eccentric madneſs he has built upon it, made me imagine the ſtating a fact, ſo little known, might apologize for the length of this note on the occaſion.

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Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lowneſs but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill, alow, alow, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweetheart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving man, proud in heart and mind, that (30) curled my hair, wore gloves in my cap,

(30)——*that curled my hair, wore* gloves *in my cap.*] A learned gentleman, whom I have no privilege to name, intimated to me, that Shakeſpeare's reading muſt have been ——wore *cloves* in my cap,——alluding to the prevailing mode in thoſe days among the ſpruce gallants, of quilting ſpices and other perfumes within the linings of their hats. I thought it but juſtice to mention a hint ſo ſerviceably deſigned; though with deference I muſt be obliged to diſſent in opinion, and think that the text calls for no alteration. It was a frequent cuſtom to wear gloves in the hat, upon three different motives; either as the favour of a miſtreſs, in honour of ſome other reſpected friend, or as a mark to be challenged by an adverſary where a duel was depending. And to this cuſtom in all theſe three caſes, has our Author at different times alluded to. *King Richard* II.

His anſwer was, he would unto the ſtews;
And from the commoneſt creature pluck a *glove*,
And wear it as a *favour*.

King *Henry* V.

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this *glove* with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an *honour* in thy *cap*.

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served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of Heaven. One that slept in the contriving lust, and awaked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly, and in woman outparamoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says, suum, mun, nonny, dolphin, my boy, boy, Sessey: let him trot by. [*Storm still.*

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him well. Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings: come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old letcher's heart, a small spark, and all the rest on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

And again, in the same play;

Kent. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my *bonnet*; then if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my *quarrel*.

Will. Here's my *glove*.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hair-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the Wold (31);
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Enter GLO'STER, *with a Torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallads; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whip'd from tything to tything, and stock-punished and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body;

Horse to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
Beware my follower. Peace, Smolkin, peace, thou fiend!

(31) Swithold *footed thrice the* old; What idea the editor had, or whether any, of *footing the old*, I cannot pretend to determine. My ingenious friend Mr. Bishop says we must read *wold*, which signifies a down, or champion ground, hilly and void of wood. And as to St Withold, we find him again mentioned in our Author's *Troublesome Reign of King John*, in two parts:

Sweet St Withold, of thy lenity,
Defend us from extremity.

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Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?
Edg. The Prince of Darkneſs is a gentleman;
Modo he's called, and Mahu.
Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is grown ſo
That it doth hate what gets it. [vile
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T' obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventured to come ſeek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.
Lear. Firſt, let me talk with this philoſopher.—
What is the cauſe of thunder?
Kent. My good Lord, take his offer;
Go into th' houſe.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this ſame learned
What is your ſtudy? [Theban:
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.
Kent. Importune him once more to go, my Lord,
His wits begin t' unſettle.
Glo. Canſt thou blame him? [*Storm ſtill.*
His daughters ſeek his death: ah, that good Kent!
He ſaid it would be thus; poor banniſhed man!—
Thou ſayeſt the King grows mad: I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almoſt mad myſelf; I had a ſon,
Now outlawed from my blood, he ſought my life
But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,
No father his ſon dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!
I do beſeech your Grace.
Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble philoſopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.

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Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep ſtill with my philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was ſtill, fy, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL *and* EDMUND.

Corn. I will have revenge, ere I depart this houſe.

Edm. How, my Lord, I may be cenſured that nature thus gives way to loyalty; ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death: but a provoking merit, ſet a-work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt! this is the letter which he ſpoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. Oh heavens! that this treaſon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of

Glo'ster: seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully. [*Aſide.*]—I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Chamber in a Farm-houſe.*

Enter KENT *and* GLO'STER.

Glo. Here is better than the open air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the gods reward your kindneſs!

Enter LEAR, EDGAR, *and* Fool.

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkneſs: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend. (32)

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his ſon; for he's a mad yeoman that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits Come hizzing in upon 'em ——

(32) Fraterreto *calls me,*] As Mr Pope had begun to inſert ſeveral ſpeeches in the mad way, into this ſcene, from the old edition, I have ventured to replace ſeveral others, which ſtand upon the ſame footing, and had an equal right of being reſtored.

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Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, the health of a horse, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight. Come sit thou here, most learned justicer; Thou sapient Sir, sit here—Now, ye she-foxes!—

Edg. Look where she stands and glares. Wanteſt thou eyes At trial, Madam?

Come o'er the broom, Beſſy, to me.

Fool. Her boat hath a leak, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? ſtand you not ſo amazed; Will you lye down, and reſt upon the cuſhions?

Lear. I'll ſee their trial firſt, bring me in the evidence.

Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place; And thou his yoke-fellow of equity, Bench by his ſide. You are o' th' commiſſion, ſit you too.

Edg. Let us deal juſtly.

Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly ſhepherd? Thy ſheep be in the corn; And for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth, Thy ſheep ſhall take no harm. Purre, the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her firſt, 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly, ſhe kicked the poor King her father.

Fool. Come hither, Miſtreſs, is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool. [claim

Lear. And here's another, whose wrapt looks pro-
What store her heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, sword, fire,—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape!

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now
That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*aside.*

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart; see, they bark at me—

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; avaunt,
Be thy mouth or black or white, [you curs!
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mungril grim,
Hound or spaniel, brache, or hym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled. [fairs,
Do, de, de, de: Sessey, come, march to wakes and
And market-towns; poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan—see what breeds about her heart—Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

Re-enter GLO'STER.

Kent. Now, good my Lord, ly here and rest a while. [curtains,

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the
So, so, we'll go to supper i' th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the King, my master? [gone.

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms: I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him: There is a litter ready, lay him in't,

And drive tow'rd Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master. If thou shouldeſt dally half an hour, his life, With thine, and all that offer to defend him, Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up, And follow me, that will to ſome proviſions Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppreſs'd nature ſleeps (33)

This reſt might yet have balmed thy broken ſenſes, Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure. Come, help to bear thy maſter; Thou muſt not ſtay behind. [*To Fool.*

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the King.*

Manet EDGAR.

Edg. When we our betters ſee bearing our woes We ſcarcely think our miſeries our foes. Who alone ſuffers, ſuffers moſt i' th' mind; Leaving free things, and happy ſhows behind:

(33) ——*oppreſs'd nature ſleeps:*] Theſe two concluding ſpeeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have reſtored from the firſt Quarto. The following ſoliloquy of Edgar is extremely fine; and the ſentiments of it are drawn equally from Nature and the ſubject. Beſides, with regard to the ſtage it is abſolutely neceſſary; for as Edgar is not deſigned, in the concluſion of the play, to attend the King to Dover, how abſurd would it look for a character of his importance to quit the ſcene without one word ſaid, or the leaſt intimation what we are to expect from him!

But then the mind much ſuff'rance does o'erſkip,
When griefs hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip.
How light and portable my pain ſeems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King
He chilled as I fathered!—Tom, away; [bow,
Mark the high noiſes, and thyſelf bewray,
When falſe opinion, whoſe wrong thought defiles
In thy juſt proof repeals, and reconciles thee. [thee,
What will, hap more to-night; ſafe ſcape the King!
Lurk, lurk,—— [*Exit* Edgar.

SCENE *changes to* Gloſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND *and Servants.*

Corn. Poſt ſpeedily to my Lord your huſband, ſhew him this letter; the army of France is landed; ſeek out the traitor Glo'ſter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my diſpleaſure. Edmund, keep you our ſiſter company; the revenges we are bound to take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding. Adviſe the Duke where you are going to a moſt feſtinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our poſts ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear ſiſter; farewel, my Lord of Glo'ſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glo'ſter hath conveyed him
Some five or ſix and thirty of his knights, [hence.
Hot queſtriſts after him, met him at gate;
Who with ſome other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd Dover; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

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Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet Lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt* Gon. *and* Edm.

Corn. Edmund, farewel:—go ſeek the traitor Glo'ſter;
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our power
Shall do a court'ſy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

Enter GLO'STER, *brought in by Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ungrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms. [conſider

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my friends,
You are my gueſts: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find——

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt ravish from my chin,
Will quicken and accuſe thee; I'm your hoſt;
With robber's hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors,
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whoſe hands

Have you sent the lunatic King? speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning——

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
Wast thou not charged, at peril —— [that.

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? let him first answer

Glo. I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover? [course.

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up,
And quenched the stelled fires: (34)
Yet poor old heart, he helped the heavens to rain.

(34) *And quenched the* stelled *fires*:] The sagacious editors have all blundered in this word without the least variation. It is indisputable that the Author must have wrote,

And quenched the *stellen* fires.

i. e. the starry fires; and adjective coined from *Stella*. The Romans formed both a participle active, and adjective passive from this word.

——*exemplo, cœlo* stellante, *serena*
Sidera respondent in aqua radiantia mundi. Lucret. l. 4.
Hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhenâ ab sede profectum
Aurea nunc solio stellantis *regia cœli*
Accipit; Virg. Æn. 7.
——*atque illi* stellatus *Jaspide fulva*
Ensis erat! Stem. Æn. 9.

I am aware, that neither *stellans* nor *stellatus* are entirely adequate in sense, or usage, to *stelled* in our Author. As the word, however, is aptly derived, I hope Shakespeare will stand protected by Horace's precept;

Dixerit egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.

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If wolves had at thy gate howled that ſtern time,
Thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, Good porter, turn the [key;
All cruels elſe ſubſcribed: but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance overtake ſuch children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou never. Fellows, hold the [chair.
Upon theſe eyes of thine I'll ſet my foot.
[Glo'ſter *is held down, while* Cornwall *treads out one of his eyes.*
Glo. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me ſome help.---O cruel! O you gods!
Reg. One ſide will mock another; th' other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance-----
Serv. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I've ſerved you ever ſince I was a child;
But better ſervice have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd ſhake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain!
Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Fights; in the ſcuffle* Corn. *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy ſword. A peaſant ſtand up thus? [*Kills him.*
Serv. Oh, I am ſlain--My Lord, you have one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchief on him. Oh---- [*Dies.*
Corn. Left it ſee more, prevent it: out, vile gelly:
Where is thy luſtre now? [*Treads out the other eye.*
Glo. All dark and comfortleſs,---Where's my ſon Edmund.
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou calleſt on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treaſons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.

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Glo. O my follies!
Then Edgar was abuſed. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and proſper him!
Reg. Go thruſt him out
At gates, and let him ſmell his way to Dover.
[*Ex. with* Glo'ſter.
How is't, my Lord? how look you?
Corn. I have received a hurt; follow me, Lady.--
Turn out that eyeleſs villain; throw this ſlave
Upon the dunghill.——Regan, I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit* Corn. *led by* Regan.
1ſt Serv. I'll never care what wickedneſs I do, (35)
If this man come to good.
2d Serv. If ſhe live long,
And, in the end, meet the old courſe of death,
Women will all turn monſters.
1ſt Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguiſh madneſs
Allows itſelf to any thing.
2d Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch ſome flax and whites of eggs
T' apply to's bleeding face. Now Heaven help him!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

(35) *I'll never care what wickedneſs I do,*] This ſhort dialogue I have inſerted from the old Quarto, becauſe I think it full of nature. Servants in any houſe could hardly ſee ſuch a barbarity committed on their maſter, without reflections of pity; and the vengeance that they preſume muſt overtake the actors of it, is a ſentiment and doctrine well worthy of the ſtage.

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ACT IV.

SCENE, *an open Country.*

Enter EDGAR.

YET better thus, and known to be contemned,
Than ſtill contemned and flattered. (36) To be
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of Fortune, [worſt
Stands ſtill in eſperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

Enter GLO'STER, *led by an old Man.*

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world! (37)

(36) ——— *To be* worſt,
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of Fortune,] This ſentiment is ſo much a-kin to a paſſage in Ovid, that it ſeems to be copied directly from it.

——— *Fortuna miſerrima tuta eſt;*
Nam timor eventûs deteriòris abeſt.

Epiſt. 2. lib. 2. ex Ponto.

(37) ——— *World, world, O world!*
But that thy ſtrange mutations make us hate *thee,*] The reading of this paſſage, as it has thus ſtood in all the editions, has been endeavoured to be explained ſeverally into a meaning, but not ſatisfactorily. Mr Pope's mock-reaſoning upon it has already been rallied in print, ſo I forbear to revive it: and the gentleman who then advanced a comment of his own upon the paſſage, has ſince come over to my emendation. My explanation of the Poet's ſentiment was, "If "the number of changes and viciſſitudes which happen "in life, did not make us *wait,* and hope for ſome turn of "fortune for the better, we could never ſupport the thought "of living to be old, on any other terms." And our duty, as

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But that thy ſtrange mutations make us wait thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant,
And your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.----O dear ſon Edgar,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath;
Might I but live to ſee thee in my touch, (38)
I'd ſay I had eyes again!

human creatures, is pioufly inculcated in this reflection of the Author. Apollodorus, the comic Poet, has left us a moral precept, upon which Shakeſpeare's reflection might have very well been grounded.

Οὐδέποτ' ἀθυμεῖν τὸν κακῶς πράττοντα δεῖ,
Ἄνδρες, τὰ ἔσχατ' δὲ προσδοκᾶν ἀεί.

No body, good people, ought to deſpond under misfortunes, but always wait for a better turn.

(38) *Might I but live to* ſee thee in my touch.] I cannot but take notice, that theſe fine boldneſſes of expreſſion are very infrequent in our Engliſh poetry, though familiar with the Greeks and Latins. We have paſſed another ſignal one in this very play.

Such *ſheets of fire*, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have *heard*.

For though the verb *bear* properly anſwers to the *thunder*, the *wind*, and *rain*; yet it does not ſo, but figuratively, to the *ſheets of fire*. I have obſerved an inſtance of this implex ſort, exactly parallel, in the *Hero and Leander* of Muſæus the grammarian.

Νηχόμενόν τε Λίανδρον, ὁμῶ πυὶ λύχνον ἀχεύω.
I *bear* Leander *ſwim*, the candle *burn*.

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Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O gods! who is't can say, I'm at the worst?
I'm worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,
So long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg,
I' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I've heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?
Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow,
Angering itself and others.——Bless thee, master.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my Lord.

Glo. Get thee away: if, for my sake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain,

The elder scholiast upon Æschylus tells us very judiciously, [μετήγαγε τὰς αἰσθήσεις πρὸς τὲ ἐνεργέστερον] that the transferring the properties of one sense to another, was used to add the greater force and energy. His remark is upon this passage in the *Seven Captains* before Thebes;

Κτύπον δέδορκα
Πάταγόν τ' οὐχ ἑνὸς δορός.
Alack! I *see* the *sound*, the dreadful *crash*,
Not of a single spear.

The late learned Dr Gataker, in his treatise upon the style of the New Testament, has amassed examples of this figure in Holy writ, as well as from Heathen writers, both Greek and Latin.

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F'th' way tow'rd Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleasure; [the blind:
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best parrel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold;--I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I must;
Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowest thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits. Bless thee, good man, from the foul fiend. (39) Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididence, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modu, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women.

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the Heaven's plague's
Have humbled to all strokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: Heavens deal so still!
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,

(39) *Five fiends have been in poor* Tom *at once;*] This passage Mr Pope first restored from the old Quarto; but miserably mangled, as it is there. I have set it right, as it came from our Author, by the help of Bishop Harsenet's pamphlet, already quoted. We find there, all these devils were in Sarah and Friswood Williams, Mrs Peckham's two chamber-maids; and particularly Flibbertigibbet, who made them mop and mow likes apes, says that Author. And to their supposed possession, our Poet is here satirically alluding.

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That flaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he does not feel, feel your power quickly:
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough. Do'st thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, Master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me: from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter GONERIL *and* EDMUND.

Gon. Welcome, my Lord: I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. [*husband*

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so changed:
I told him of the army that was landed:
He smiled at it. I told him you were coming:
His answer was, the worse: Of Glo'ster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I informed him, then he called me sot;
And told me, I had turned the wrong side out.
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer; our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

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Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers.
I muſt change arms at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my huſband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: you ere long ſhall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſs's command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech;
Decline your head. This kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My moſt dear Glo'ſter! [*Exit* Edmund.
Oh, the ſtrange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's ſervices are due;
My fool uſurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my Lord.

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.

Alb. Oh Goneril,
You are not worth the duſt, which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your diſpoſition:
That nature which contemns its origin,
Cannot be bordered certain in itſelf;
She that herſelf will ſliver, and diſbranch, (40)

(40) *She that herſelf will* ſhiver, *and diſbranch*] *Shiver*, in this place, ſhould bear the ſenſe of *diſbranch*; whereas it means to ſhake, to fly a-pieces into ſplinters; in which ſenſe he afterwards uſes the word in this act;

Thou'd'ſt *ſhivered* like an egg;

So that we may be aſſured he would not have uſed the word in ſo contrary and falſe a ſenſe here; eſpecially when there is a proper word to expreſs the ſenſe of *diſbranching*, ſo near this in ſound, and which he uſes in other places, and that is, *ſliver*; which, without doubt, is the true reading here. So in *Macbeth*;

——and ſlips of yew,
Slivered in the moon's eclipſe.

And, again, in *Hamlet*;

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From her maternal ſap, perforce muſt wither, (4)
And come to deadly uſe.

Gon. No more; 'tis fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile;
Filths ſavour but themſelves. —— What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Moſt barb'rous, moſt degenerate, have you madded.
Could my good brother ſuffer you to do it,
A man, a prince by him ſo benefited?
If that the Heavens do not their viſible ſpirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,

> There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
> Clamb'ring to hang, an envious *ſliver* broke.
>
> Mr *Warburton.*

The old Quarto reads *ſliver.* But I owed this note to my friend's ſagacity, who never once ſaw that copy. On the other hand, what an inſtance is it of Mr Pope's inaccuracy in collation, who firſt added this paſſage from the old Quarto!

(4) *From her* material *ſap.*] Thus the old Quarto; but *material ſap*, I own, is a phraſe that I don't underſtand. The *mother-tree* is the true technical term; and conſidering our Author has ſaid but juſt above, "That nature which "contemns its *origin*," there is little room to queſtion but he wrote.——From her *maternal* ſap.

And ſo our beſt claſſical writers

Hic plantas *tenera abſcindens de* corpore matrum. *Virg.*

And again,

Cum ſemel in ſylvis ima de ſtirpe reciſum
Matre caret.——

And Valerius Flaccus;

Quæ neque jam frondes, virides neque proferet umbras;
Ut ſemel eſt avulſa *jugis, et* matre *perempta.*

And Seneca in his *Troja Captives*

Quæ tenera cæſo virga *de trunco ſtetit,*
Per ipſa matri——

And more inſtances I might have produced from Rutgerſius, in his *Variæ Lectiones.* l. 4. c. 16.

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Humanity muſt perforce prey on itſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.
Gon. Milk-livered man!
That beareſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour from thy ſuffering: (42) that not knoweſt
Fools do theſe villains pity, who are puniſhed
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy drum?
France ſpreads his banners in our noiſeleſs land;
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins his threats;
Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſitteſt ſtill, and crieſt,
" Alack! why does he ſo?"——
Alb. See thyſelf, devil:
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. O vain fool!
Alb. Thou changed and ſelf-converted thing! for ſhame, (43)
Be-monſter not thy feature. Were't my fitneſs
To let theſe hands obey my [boiling] blood,
They're apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones.---Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.------
Gon. Marry, your manhood now!------

(42) ——*that not knoweſt*
Fools do theſe villains pity,] This I have retrieved from the firſt Quarto. It ſeems firſt to have been retrenched by the players, for brevity's ſake: but, beſides that the lines are fine, they admirably diſplay the taunting termagant diſpoſition of Goneril, and paint out her contempt of her huſband's mild pacific ſpirit.

(43) *Thou changed and ſelf-converted thing!*] This reply of Albany to his imperious wife was likewiſe retrenched, but ought not for the future to be loſt to our Author.

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Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh, my good Lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of Glo'ſter.

Alb. Glo'ſter's eyes!

Meſ. A ſervant that he bred, thrilled with remorſe,
Oppoſed againſt the act, bending his ſword
To his great maſter: who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongſt them felled him dead:
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath plucked him after.

Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You Juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But O poor Glo'ſter!
Loſt he his other eye?

Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Glo'ſter with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer.
[*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Meſ. No, my good Lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſ. Ay, my good Lord; 'twas he informed againſt him,
And quit the houſe of purpoſe, that their puniſhments
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Glo'ſter, I live

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To thank thee for the love thou ſhewedſt the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me what more thou knoweſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Dover.

Enter KENT, *and a* Gentleman.

Kent. The King of France ſo ſuddenly gone back!
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his return was moſt required and neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Mareſchal of France, Monſieur le Far.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. Ay, Sir, ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeemed ſhe was a Queen
Over her paſſion, which, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her——

Gent. But not to rage. Patience and ſorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sunſhine and rain at once—her ſmiles and tears (44)

(44)——*her ſmiles and tears*
Were like a better day.] Mr Pope, who thought fit to reſtore this ſcene from the old Quarto, tacitly ſunk this paſſage upon us, becauſe he did not underſtand it. Indeed it is corrupt; and he might have done himſelf ſome honour in attempting the cure; but *rhime* and *criticiſm*, he has convinced us, do not always center in the ſame perſon. My friend Mr Warburton, with very happy ſagacity, ſtruck out the emendation which I have inſerted to the text. And in

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Were like a wetter May. Thoſe happieſt ſmiles,
That played on her ripe lip, ſeemed not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt beloved,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gent. Yes, once or twice ſhe heaved the name of Father
Pantingly forth, as if it preſſed her heart.
Cried, Siſters, ſiſters!—Shame of Ladies! ſiſters!
Kent! father! ſiſters! What? i' the ſtorm? i' the night?
Let Pity ne'er believe it!-----there ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes;
And clamour-motioned, then away ſhe ſtarted (45)
To deal with grief alone.

confirmation of it I muſt obſerve, that it is very familiar with our Poet, in the deſcription of perſons, to allude to the ſeaſons of the year. To give a few inſtances; *Much Ado about Nothing*:

Deſpight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth and bloom of luſtyhood.

Rich. II.

My Queen to France, from whence, ſet forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May;
Sent back, like Hallowmas, or ſhorteſt day.

Timon of Athens;

She whom the ſpittle-houſe and ulc'rous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To the April day again.

Hamlet;

——————O roſe of May!
Dear maid! kind ſiſter! *&c.*

(45) *Ana clamour*-moiſtened,] This paſſage, again, Mr Pope ſunk upon us; and for the ſame reaſon, I ſuppoſe. Mr. Warburton diſcovered likewiſe, that this was corrupt: for, though *clamour* (as he obſerves) may diſtort the mouth, it is not wont to moiſten the eyes. But clamour-*motioned* conveys a very beautiful idea of grief in Cordelia, and exactly

2

Kent. ——It is the ſtars,
The ſtars above us govern our conditions;
Elſe one ſelf-mate and mate could not beget
Such different iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King returned?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, Sir, the poor diſtreſſed Lear's in town;
Who ſometimes in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A ſovereign ſhame ſo bows him: his unkindneſs,
That ſtripped her from his benediction, turned her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; theſe things ſting him
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detains him
From his Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our maſter Lear,

in character. She bore her grief hitherto, ſays the relater, in ſilence: but being no longer able to contain it, and wanting to vent it in groans and cries, ſhe flies away and retires to her cloſet to deal with it in private. This he finely calls *clamour-moiſtened*, or provoked to a loud expreſſion of her ſorrow, which drives her from company!—It is not impoſſible but Shakeſpeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from Holy writ, in the conduct of Joſeph; who, being no longer able to reſtrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his preſence; and then wept aloud, and diſcovered himſelf to his brethren.

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And leave you to attend him. Some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Camp.*

Enter CORDELIA, Phyſician, *and Soldiers.*

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed ſea, ſinging aloud,
Crowned with rank fumiter, (46) and furrow-weeds,
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. Send forth a centry;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's wiſdom

(46) *Crowned with rank* fenitar.] There is no ſuch herb or weed that I can find, of Engliſh growth; though all the copies agree in the corruption. I dare ſay I have reſtored its right name; and we meet with it again in our Author's *Henry V.* and partly in the ſame company as we have it here;

——her fallow leaves
The *darnel*, *hemlock*, and *rank fumitory*
Do root upon.

For this weed is called both *fumitory* and *fumiter*, nearer to the French derivation *fume-terre*, which the Latin ſhopmen term *fumaria*. It is the ſame which by Pliny (from Dioſcorides and the other Greek phyſicians) is named καπνὸς: becauſe the juice of it has the effect, which *ſmoke* has, of making the eyes water. And as to the growth of it, Pliny tells us particularly that it ſprings up in gardens and fields of barley; *Naſcitur in hortis et fegetibus hordeaceis*) which our Author here calls, in *our ſuſtaining corn.*—I obſerve, in *Chaucer*, it is written *femetere*; by a corruption either of the ſcribe, or of vulgar pronunciation; if of the latter, it might from thence eaſily ſlide, in progreſs of time, into *fenitar*.

In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phys. There are means, Madam:
Our sister-nurse of Nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of Anguish.

Cor. All blessed secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress! seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, Madam:
The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about: therefore great
My mourning and important tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Regan's *Palace.*

Enter REGAN *and* Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. With much ado:
Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No, Madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, Lady.

Reg. Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ignorance, Gloſter's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: Edmund I think is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: moreover to deſcry
The ſtrength o' th' enemy.

Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops ſet forth to-morrow: ſtay with us;
The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, Madam;
My Lady charged my duty in this buſineſs.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to Edmund? might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? belike
Something,—I know not what:—I'll love thee much,—
Let me unſeal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know your Lady does not love her huſband:
I'm ſure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange œilliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To noble Edmund. I know you're of her boſom.

Stew. I, Madam?

Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding: you are, I know't;
Therefore I do adviſe you take this note.
My Lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked,
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your Lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you give him this;
And when your miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſdom to her. So farewel.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

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Stew. Would I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould
What party I do follow. [ſhew
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Country near* Dover.

Enter GLO'STER, *and* EDGAR, *as a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall I come to the top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now. Look how we labour.
Glo. Methinks the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible ſteep.
Hark, do you hear the ſea?
Glo. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguiſh.
Glo. So it may be indeed.
Methinks thy voice is altered; and thou ſpeakeſt
In better phraſe and matter than thou didſt.
Edg. You're much deceived: in nothing am I
But in my garments. [changed
Glo. Sure you are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place—Stand ſtill.
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and chows, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers ſamphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſhed to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,

Left my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.
Glo. Set me where you stand.
Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a
Of th' extreme verge: for all below the moon [foot
Would I not leap upright.
Glo. Let go my hand;
Here, friend, 's another purse, in it a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?
'Tis done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps and falls along.*
Edg. Good Sir, farewel.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. — Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! speak!
Thus might he pass, indeed — yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die. [fair,
Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe,
Hast heavy substance, bleed'st not: speak, art sound?

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Ten masts at each make not the altitude (47)
Which thou hast perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fall'n or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn!
Look up a height, the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard; do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, so—how is't? feel you your legs? you stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours (48)
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

(47) *Ten masts attached*—] This is Mr Pope's reading; but I know not from what authority. Mr Rowe gave it us, ten masts at least—a poor, dragging expression. All the old copies read as I have restored in the text, *ten masts* at each.

'Tis certain 'tis a bold phrase, but I dare warrant it was our Author's; and means ten masts placed at the extremity of each other.

(48) *Think that the* dearest *gods*,——] This too is Mr Pope's reading. All the authentic copies have it *clearest gods*; *i. e.* open and righteous in their dealings. So, our Author again in his *Timon*;

Roots, ye *clear heavens!*

Glo. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itſelf,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend--he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter LEAR, *dreſſed madly with Flowers.*

But who comes here?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-money. (49) That fellow handles his

(49) *That fellow handles his bow like a* cow-keeper.] Thus Mr Pope in his laſt edition; but I am afraid I betrayed him into the error by an abſurd conjecture of my own, in my Shakeſpeare Reſtored. 'Tis certain we muſt read *crow-keeper* here; as likewiſe in this paſſage of *Romeo and Juliet*;

We'll have no Cupid hooded with a ſcarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a *crow-keeper*.

And, it ſeems, in ſeveral counties to this day, they call a ſtuffed figure, repreſenting a man, and armed with a bow and arrow, (ſet up to fright the crows, and other birds of prey, from the fruit and corn), a *crow-keeper*, as well as a *ſcare-crow*. To ſome ſuch figure our Author again alludes in *Meaſure for Meaſure*.

We muſt not make a *ſcare-crow* of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one ſhape, 'till cuſtom make it
Their *perch*, and not their *terror*.

But Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Bonduca*, have a paſſage which will excellently well explain our Author's reading:

——Can theſe fight? They look
Like empty ſcabbards all; no metal in 'em:
Like *men of clouts*, ſet to *keep crows* from orchards.

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bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't—there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! (50) i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh.—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril! hah! Regan! they flattered me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing that I said——Ay, and no, too, was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not cease at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause? Adultery? thou shalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly does lecher in my sight. Let copulation thrive: for Gloster's bastard son was kinder to his father than my daughters got 'tween the lawful sheets. To't,

(50) *O well flown bird!*] Lear is here raving of archery and shooting at butts, as is plain by the words *i' th' clout*, that is, the white mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, *to hit the white*. So that we must certainly read, O well-flown *bird?* i. e. the barbed or bearded arrow.

Mr *Warburton*.

Luxury, pell-mell; for I lack soldiers. Behold yon simpering dame, whose face 'tween her forks presages snow; that minces virtue, and does shake the head to hear of pleasure's name. The fit-chew, nor the soiled horse goes to't with a more riotous appetite. Down from the waist they are Centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption: fy, fy, fy; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it first, it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruined piece of nature! this great world Shall so wear out to naught. Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: dost thou squint at me? no, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report: it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this case of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark in thine ear: change places, and handy-dandy,

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which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar? (51)

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou might'st behold the great image of authority; a dog's obeyed in office.------

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? strip thy own back!
Thou hotly lustest to use her in that kind
For which thou whippest her. The usurer hangs the cozener.
Through tattered cloaths small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em!
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,

(51) *Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?* &c.] This exquisite piece of satire, dress'd up in a figure and method of imagining from absent circumstances, has greatly the air of imitation from the Ancients. It is that sort of figure, by which (as Minturnus has observed in his elaborate treatise *De Poeta*) *ostenditur interdum, quasi ante oculos sit, ficta imago*; a feigned image of things is sometimes represented, as if really in view. Plautus is very full of this imagery: and I'll subjoin two instances that have very much the cast of this in our Author, only more ludicrous in their turn: In his *Menæchmei*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

Men. Dic mihi, nunquam tu vidisti *tabulam pictam in pariete*,
Ubi aquila catamitum raperet, aut ubi Venus Adonem?
Pene. Sæpe. *Sed quid istæ picturæ ad me attinent?*
Men. Age, me aspice.

And in his *Mostellaria*, Act. 3. Sc. 2.

Tra. Viden *pictum, ubi ludificatur cornix una volturios duo?*
Cornix astat, ea volturios duo viciſſim vellicat.
Quæso, huc ad me specta, *cornicem ut conspicere possis.*

And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots; harder,
harder, so.

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixed,
Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloster;
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.
Thou knowest, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee; mark—

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools.—This a good block!—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put it in proof;
And when I've stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, *with Attendants.*

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your most dear daughter——

Lear. No rescue? what, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well,
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man, a man of salt;
To use his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's dust. I will die bravely,
Like a smug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial;
Come, come, I am a King. My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

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Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*
Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a king. Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.
Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?
Edg. Do you hear ought, Sir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar; every one hears that
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, Sir; that's all.
Gent. Tho' that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is moved on. [*Exit.*
Edg. I thank you, Sir.
Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe.
Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you? [blows,
Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to Fortune's
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.
Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of Heav'n
To boot, and boot!——

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaimed prize! moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt framed fleſh,
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,

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Briefly thyſelf remember: the ſword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſhed traitor? hence,
Leſt that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: and 'chud ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vort-night. Nay, come not near the old man: keep out, che vor' ye, or ice try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns. [Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'ſt about me
To Edmund Earl of Glo'ſter: ſeek him out
Upon the Engliſh party. Oh, untimely death!---
[*Dies.*

Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe pockets; the letters that he ſpeaks of
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only ſorry
He had no other death's-man. Let us ſee——
By your leave, gentle wax-----and manners blame us not:

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To know our enemies minds we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

" Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You
" have many opportunities of cutting him off: if
" your will want not, time and place will be fruit-
" fully offered. There is nothing done, if he re-
" turn the conqueror. Then am I the priſoner,
" and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth
" whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your
" labour.

" Your (wife, ſo would I ſay) affectionate
" ſervant, *Goneril.*"

Oh, undiſtinguiſhed ſpace of woman's will! (52)
A plot upon her virtuous huſband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i' the ſands,
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murderous letchers; and in the mature time,

(52) *Oh, undiſtinguiſhed ſpace of woman's* will!! This is the reading of the firſt Folio, which Mr Pope very unhappily degrades, and ſubſtitutes, *wit*, the miſtaken reading of the firſt Quarto. What idea he formed to himſelf of the undiſtinguiſhed ſpace of a woman's wit, I can't tell; I am quite at a loſs to underſtand any meaning in it. But the other reading gives us, as Mr Warburton obſerves to me, a moſt elegant expreſſion, and moſt ſatirical thought: and more delicate than the—*Varium et mutabile ſemper fœmina*—of Virgil. 'Tis not the extravagance, but the mutability of a woman's will that is here ſatirized. The change of which (our Author would be underſtood to ſay), is ſo ſpeedy, that there is no ſpace of time, no diſtance between the preſent will and the next; but it is an undiſtinguiſhed ſpace. This ſentiment may not be ill explained further from what honeſt Sancho, in *Don Quixote*, with infinite humour ſays upon the ſubject. *Entre el* Si *y el* No *de la muger, no me atreveria yo a poner una punta d' alfiler.* Betwixt a woman's *yea* and *no*, I would not undertake to thruſt a pin's point.

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With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practiſed Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad; how ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſevered from my griefs;
[*Drum afar off.*
And woes, by wrong imagination, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. [*Exe.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter CORDELIA, KENT *and* Phyſician.

Cor. O, thou good Kent, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy goodneſs? life will be too ſhort,
And every meaſure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, Madam, is o'erpaid:
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
No more, nor clipt, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited;
Theſe weeds are memories of theſe worſer hours:
I pr'ythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent:
My boon I make it that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it ſo,
My Lord.—How does the King? [*To the* Phy.

Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature;

Th' untuned and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.

Phyſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty
That we may wake the King? he hath ſlept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' ſway of your own will: is he arrayed?

Enter LEAR *in a Chair, carried by Servants.*

Phyſ. Ay, Madam; in the heavineſs of ſleep
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. O my dear father! Reſtoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms that my two ſiſters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and deareſt Princeſs! [flakes

Cor. Had you not been their father, theſe white
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be expoſed againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep, dread-bolted thun-
In the moſt terrible and nimble ſtroke [der? (53)
Of quick, croſs lightning? to watch poor perdue,
With this thin helm?—My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhould have ſtood that night
Againſt my fire: and waſt thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with ſwine and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; ſpeak to him.

Phyſ. Madam, do you; 'tis fitteſt.

(53) *To ſtand againſt the deep,*] The following three lines and an half, in no wiſe unworthy of our Author, I have reſtored from the old Quarto.

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Cor. How does my royal Lord? how fares your Majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave; Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide——

Phys. He's scarce awake, let him alone a while.

Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light? I'm mightily abused; I should even die with pity To see another thus. I know not what to say; I will not swear these are my hands: let's see, I feel this pin prick: would I were assured Of my condition.

Cor. O look upon me, Sir, And hold your hand in benediction o'er me. No, Sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me; I am a very foolish fond old man, Fourscore and upward; and to deal plainly, I fear I am not in my perfect mind. Methinks I should know you, and know this man; Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant What place this is; and all the skill I have, Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me, For, as I am a man, I think this lady To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am; I am.—— [weep not.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith; I pray you If you have poison for me, I will drink it; I know you do not love me; for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.

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You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phyſ. Be comforted, good Madam; the great rage,
You ſee, is cured in him:---and yet 'twere danger
To make him even o'er the time h' as loſt.
Deſire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further ſettling.

Cor. Will't pleaſe your Highneſs walk?

Lear. You muſt bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive;
I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Cord. Phyſ. *and Attendants.*

Manent KENT *and* Gentleman.

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was ſo ſlain? (54)

Kent. Moſt certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis ſaid, the baſtard ſon of Glo'ſter.

Gent. They ſay, Edgar his baniſhed ſon is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about: the powers of the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody.---
Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit* Gent.

(54) Gent. *Holds it true, Sir,*] This ſhort dialogue, which was retrenched by the players in their edition, I have reſtored from the old Quarto. The matter of it is natural and eaſy; and though the language be not pompous, it is to the ſubject: and the uncertainty of common report, with regard to Kent and Edgar, muſt be very pleaſing to the audience who knew how Rumour was miſtaken in repreſenting them to be abroad.

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Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
[*Exit* Kent.

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Camp.*

Enter EDMUND, REGAN, *Gentlemen and Soldiers.*

EDMUND.

KNow of the Duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or whether ſince he is adviſed by aught,
To change the courſe? he's full of alteration
And ſelf-reproving: bring his conſtant pleaſure. (55)

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Edm. In honoured love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her; dear my Lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; ſhe, and the Duke her huſband—

(55) ——*he's full of alteration,*
And ſelf-reproving brings *his conſtant pleaſure.*] Thus in the impreſſions by Mr Pope is this paſſage moſt nonſenſically read and pointed. But ſome better copies have aſſiſted to ſet it right.

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Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I'd rather loſe the battle, than this ſiſter(56)
Should looſen him and me.--- [*aſide*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be-met:
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this buſineſs, (57)
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,
(Not holds the King, with others, whom I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe,) ——

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.

Reg Why is this reaſoned?

Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy;
For theſe domeſtic and particular broils
Are not the queſtion here.

Edm. I ſhall attend you preſently at your tent.

Alb. Let's then determine with th' Ancient of war
On our proceeding

Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?

(56) Gon. *I'd rather loſe the battle,*—] This I have reſtored from the old Quarto; and, conſidering the jealouſy of the Princeſſes on each ſide, it comes very naturally from Goneril, upon her ſeeing Regan and Edmund together; as well as helps to mark the buſineſs going on, to the reader.

(57) ——for *this buſineſs,*
It touches us, as France *invades our land,*
Not holds the King, with others, whom I fear
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe,] I have made a ſlight variation in theſe lines, which are added from the old Quarto. Albany's ſpeech ſeems interrupted, before finiſhed; and this I take to be the purport of what he was going to ſay. "But before we fight this battle, Sir, it concerns me, (tho' "not the King, and the diſcontented party), to queſtion "about your intereſt in our ſiſter, and the event of the war." —And Regan and Goneril, in their replies, both ſeem apprehenſive that this ſubject was coming into debate.

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Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. Oh, ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR *diſguiſed.*

Edg. If e'er your Grace had ſpeech with one ſo poor,
Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you:---ſpeak.

[*Exeunt* Edm. Reg. Gon. *and Attendants.*

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Hard is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery; but your haſte
Is new urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love,
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoyed,
If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter Goneril;
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,

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Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him deviſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *another open Field.*

Alarm within. Enter with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDELIA *and Soldiers over the ſtage, and exeunt.*

Enter EDGAR *and* GLO'STER.

Edg. Here, father, take the ſhadow of this tree
For your good hoſt; pray that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [*Exit* Edgar.

[*Alarm, and Retreat within.*

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away.
King Lear hath loſt, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men muſt endure
Their going hence even as their coming hither:
Ripeneſs is all. Come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in conqueſt, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND; LEAR *and* CORDELIA *as Priſoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard

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Until their greater pleaſures firſt be known
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We're not the firſt
Who with beſt meaning have incurred the worſt:
For thee, oppreſſed King, am I caſt down;
Myſelf could elſe outfrown falſe Fortune's frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to priſon.
We two alone will ſing, like birds i' the cage:
When thou doſt aſk me bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And aſk of thee forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies: and hear poor rogues
Talk of court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out
In a walled priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon ſuch ſacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us ſhall bring a brand from Heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eye:
The good-jers ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee 'em ſtarved firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Cordelia *guarded.*
Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note; go follow them to priſon.
One ſtep I have advanced thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded

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Does not become a sword; my great employment (58)
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my Lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'st
Mark, I say, instantly; and carry it so [done.
As I have set it down. [*Exit* Captain.

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have shewed to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosoms on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queen,
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t'appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time

(58) ——thy *great employment*
Will not bear question;] All the copies concur in reading thus; but without doubt erroneously. The person whom Edmund is here speaking to, was of no higher degree than a captain; and therefore, certainly, accountable to his superiors. Edmund, 'tis plain, must mean; "I leading one of the conquerors' forces, and having employed thee in this business, will be thy sufficient warrant, and will secure thee from being questioned about it."

We ſweat and bleed; the friend hath loſt his friend;
And the beſt quarrels in the heat are curs'd
By thoſe that feel their ſharpneſs——
The queſtion of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place. (59)

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our powers,
Bore the commiſſion of my place and perſon;
The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call itſelf your brother.

Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.

Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould huſband you.

Reg. Jeſters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you ſo look'd but a-ſquint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witneſs the world, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.

(59) ——*at this time*
We ſweat and bleed, &c.] Theſe very neceſſary lines I have reſtored from the old Quarto, and they were certainly firſt left out by the indiſcretion of the players, merely for the ſake of ſhortning. But without them, as Edmund's ſpeech is made to end, 'tis plain he does not pretend to adviſe, but furthers the whole proceſs to Albany. How abſurdly then does the other reply, that he holds Edmund but a ſubject of the war?

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The lett alone lyes not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, Lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon: Edmund, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy arreſt,
This gilded ſerpent: for your claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I, her huſband, contradict your banns.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art armed, Glo'ſter; let the trumpet
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon [ſound:
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Reg. Sick, O ſick——

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon. [*Aſide.*

Edm. There's my exchange: what in the world
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies; [he is,
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my tent.

[*Exit* Reg. *led.*

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Come hither, herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A Trumpet ſounds.*

Herald *reads.*

"If any man of quality, or degree, within the "lifts of the army, will maintain upon Edmund "ſuppoſed earl of Glo'ſter, that he is a manifold "traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the "trumpet: he is bold in his defence." 1 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 2 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 3 *trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers, within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed.*

Alb. Aſk him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this call o' th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

Edg. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the adverſary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that adverſary?

Edg. What's he that ſpeaks for Edmund Earl of Glo'ſter?

Edm. Himſelf; what ſayeſt thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy ſword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice; here is mine:----
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
Falſe to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;

Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou no;
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom I should ask thy name;
But since thy out-side looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes;
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise,)
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where thou shalt rest for ever. Trumpets, speak.

[*Alarum. Fight.* Edmund *falls.*

Gon. O, save him, save him; this is practice, Glo'ster: (60)
By the law of war, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it;
Thou worse than any thing, read thine own evil:
No tearing, Lady; I perceive you know it.

Gon. Say if I do; the laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?

Alb. Monster, knowest thou this paper?

(60) Alb. *Save him, save him.*

Gon. *This is practice,* Glo'ster:] Thus all the copies have distinguished these speeches; but I have ventured to place the two hemistichs to Goneril. 'Tis absurd that Albany, who knew Edmund's treasons, and his own wife's passion for him, should be solicitous to have his life saved.

Gon. Ask me not what I know--- [*Exit Gon.*
Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, govern her.
Edm. What you have charged me with, that I have done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out.
'Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou'st wrong'd me
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes.
Edm. Thou'st spoken right, 'tis true.
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness; I must embrace thee:---
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?
Edg. By nursing them, my Lord. List a brief tale,
And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!---
The bloody proclamation to escape,
That followed me so near, (O our lives sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance
The very dogs disdained: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious gems new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair;

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Never (O fault!) revealed myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was armed,
Not sure, though hoping of this good success,
I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flawed heart,
Alack, too weak the conflict to support,
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Bast. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on,
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in,
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. ——This would have seemed a period, (61)
To such as love not sorrow: but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity!------
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who having seen me in my worser state,

(61) Edg. *This would have seemed a period, &c.*] This fine and necessary description I have thought fit to restore from the old Quarto; as it artfully opens to Albany the concealment of Kent at home during his banishment; and gives a beautiful picture of the emotions that good old man felt for the death of his friend Glo'ster, and the piety of Edgar towards his distressed father. Edmund had taken notice, that Edgar seemed to have something more to say; but Albany was already so touched with compassion that he was for hearing of no more sorrow. From the different behaviour of these two different characters, with how exquisite a reflection, drawn from the very fountain of Nature, has our Poet furnished his introduction to Edgar's second narrative! As the passage first was left out by the players in their edition, we are not to doubt but it was one of their judicious retrenchments. However that be, some readers, I am persuaded, will owe me their thanks for restoring it to the Author.

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Shunned my abhorred society; but now finding
Who 'twas had so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck; and bellowed out,
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear received; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack.--Twice then the trumpets sounded,
And there I left him traunced.----

Alb. But who was this? [guise

Edg. Kent, Sir; the banished Kent, who in dis-
Followed his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks; it came even from the heart
Of----O! she's dead.----

Alb. Who's dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your Lady, Sir, your Lady; and her sister
By her is poisoned; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes Kent.

Enter KENT.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
[Goneril *and* Regan's *bodies brought out*
This judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.---O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come

To bid my King and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot! [Cordelia?
Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's
See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so? cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life; some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,
(Be brief) into the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run——

Edg. To whom, my Lord? who has the office?
Send thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the Captain——

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.

Alb. The gods defend her! bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his Arms.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl,——O you are men
of stone!
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack; she's gone for ever!
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glass,
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why then she lives.

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Kent. Is this the promised end?

Lear. This feather stirs, she lives; if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master! [*Kneeling.*

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murd'rous traitors all!
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!---
What is't thou sayest? her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Kent. 'Tis true, my Lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've seen the day, with my good biting falchion,
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o' th' best---I'll tell you strait.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; your servant Kent;
Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'd strike, and quickly too:---------he's dead and rotten. (62).

Kent. No, my good Lord, I am the very man,---

Lear. I'll see that strait.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps----- [

(62) He's *a good fellow, I can tell you that,*
He'll *strike and quickly too*: he's dead and rotten.] We have seen Lear mad, but never a stark fool till this moment; to tell us, that a dead and rotten man will strike quickly. Put it was a stupidity of the editors, and not chargeable on the Poet.

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Lear. You're welcome hither. [and dead.

Kent. Nor no man elſe:----all's cheerleſs, dark,
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſp'rately are dead.

Lear. Ay, ſo I think.

Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain it is
That we preſent us to him.

Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Edmund is dead, my Lords.

Alb. That's but a trifle.
You Lords and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old majeſty,
To him our abſolute power: to you, your rights,
[*To* Edgar,
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings. O ſee, ſee----

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd: no, no, no life!
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never----
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips; (63)

(63) *Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips;*
Look there, look there——] Our Poet has taken the liberty, in the cataſtrophe of this play, to depart from the chronicles; in which Lear is ſaid to be reinſtated in his throne by Cordelia, and to have reigned upwards of two years after his reſtoration. He might have done this for two reaſons; either to heighten the compaſſion towards the poor old King, or to vary from another, but moſt execrable dra-

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Look there, look there.... [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints; my Lord,....

matic performance upon this ſtory, which I certainly believe to have preceded our Author's piece, and which none of our ſtage-hiſtorians appear to have had any knowledge of. The edition which I have of it, bears this title: *The true* chronicle *hiſtory of King* LEIR, *and his three daughters*, Gonoril, Ragan, *and* Cordella. *As it hath bene diuers and ſundry times lately acted.* London; *printed by* Simon Stafford, *for* John Wright, *and are to be ſold at his ſhop at Chriſtes Church dore next* Newgate *Market.* 1605. That Shakeſpeare, however, may ſtand acquitted from the leaſt ſuſpicion of plagiariſm, in the opinion of his readers, I'll ſubjoin a ſmall taſte of this other anonymous author's abilities both in conduct and diction. Leir, with one Perillus his friend, embarks for France to try what reception he ſhould find from his daughter Cordella. When they come aſhore, neither of them has a rag of money: and they are forced to give their cloaks to the mariners to pay for their paſſage. This, no doubt, our playwright intended for a maſterly inſtance of diſtreſs: as he muſt think it a notable ſtretch of invention to bring the King and Queen of France diſguiſed like ruſtics, travelling a long way on foot into the woods, with a baſket of proviſions, only that they may have the caſual opportunity of relieving Leir and Perillus from being ſtarved. Now for a little ſpecimen of ſtyle and dignity of thinking. Cordella, now Queen of France, and in her own palace, comes in and makes this pathetic ſoliloquy.

I have been over negligent to-day
In going to the temple of my God,
To render thanks for all his benefits,
Which he miraculouſly hath beſtowed on me;
In raiſing me out of my mean eſtate,
When as I was devoid of worldly friends;
And placing me in ſuch a ſweet content
As far exceeds the reach of my deſerts.
My kingly huſband, mirrour of his time,
For zeal, for juſtice, kindneſs, and for care,
To God, his ſubjects, me, and common weale,
By his appointment was ordained for me.
I cannot wiſh the thing that I do want;
I cannot want the thing but I may have;
Save only this which I ſhall ne'er obtain,
My father's love; oh, this I ne'er ſhall gain.

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Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my Lord. [him

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs! he hates That would upon the rack of this rough world Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured ſo long: He but uſurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence: our preſent buſineſs

I would abſtain from any nutriment,
And pine my body to the very bones:
Barefoot I would on pilgrimage ſet forth,
Unto the furtheſt quarters of the earth,
And all my lifetime would I ſackcloth wear,
And mourning-wife pour duſt upon my head:
So he but to forgive me once would pleaſe,
That his grey hairs might go to Heaven in peace.
And yet I know not how I him offended,
Or wherein juſtly I've deſerved blame.
Oh ſiſters! you are much to blame in this;
It was not he, but you, that did me wrong.
Yet, God forgive both him and you, and me,
Ev'n as I do in perfect charity.
I will to church, and pray unto my Saviour,
That, e'er I die, I may obtain his favour. [*Exit.*

This is, ſurely, ſuch poetry as one might hammer out, *ſtans pede in uno*; or, as our Author ſays, "it is the right "butter-woman's rank to market: and a man might verſi- "fy you ſo eight years together, dinners, and ſuppers, and "ſleeping hours excepted."——Again, Shakeſpeare was too well verſed in Holingſhead, not to know, that King Lear reigned above 800 years before the period of Chriſtianity. The gods his King talks of are Jupiter, Juno, Apollo; and not any deities more modern than his own time. Licentious as he was in anachroniſms, he would have judged it an unpardonable abſurdity to have made a Briton of Cordella's time talk of her Saviour. And his not being tript into ſuch ridiculous ſlips of ignorance, ſeems a plain proof to me that he ſtole neither from his predeceſſors nor contemporaries of the Engliſh theatre, both which abounded in them

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Is general woe. Friends of my ſoul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored ſtate ſuſtain.
Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me; I muſt not ſay no. [*Dies.*
Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey, (64)
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt; we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*

(64) Alb. *The weight of this ſad time*, &c.] This ſpeech, from the authority of the old Quarto, is rightly placed to Albany: in the edition by the players it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of cuſtom ſpoken. And the caſe was this; he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who perſonated Albany, in ſpight of decorum it was thought proper he ſhould have the laſt word.

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THE

LIFE and DEATH

OF

KING JOHN.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

King JOHN.
Prince Henry, *Son to the King.*
Arthur *Duke of* Bretagne, *and Nephew to the King.*

Pembroke,
Eſſex,
Saliſbury,
Hubert,
Bigot.
} Engliſh *Lords.*

Faulconbridge, *Baſtard-ſon to* Richard *the Firſt.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppoſed Brother to the Baſtard.*
James Gurney, *Servant to the Lady* Faulconbridge.
Peter *of* Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *King of* France.
Lewis *the* Dauphin.
Arch-Duke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a* French *Lord.*
Chatilion, *Ambaſſador from* France *to King* John.

Elinor, *Queen-Mother of* England.
Conſtance, *Mother to* Arthur.
Blanch, *Daughter to* Alphonſo *King of* Caſtile, *and Niece to King* John.
Lady Faulconbridge, *Mother to the Baſtard, and* Robert Faulconbridge.

Citizens of Angiers, *Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE ſometimes in England, and ſometimes in France.

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KING JOHN(1).

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Court of* England.

Enter King JOHN, *Queen* ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, *and* SALISBURY, *with* CHATILION.

King JOHN.

NOW say, Chatilion, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France, In my behaviour to the Majesty, The borrowed Majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning; borrowed Majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

(1) *The* Life *and* Death——] Though this play have this title, yet the action of it begins at the thirty-fourth year of his life; and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years. Of all the English Princes, (as Mr Warburton observed to me,) that Shakespeare has taken into tragedy, King *John* was the fittest to have made a hero for a tragedy on the ancient plan: *Henry* IV. V. and VIII. had qualities great enough for it, but were generally fortunate. *Richard* II. and *Henry* VI. *(si verbo venia)* were, at times, little better than poltrons: and *Richard* III. was so black a villain, that the Ancients would have thought him fitter for a gibbet than a stage. But *John* had that turbulence and grandeur of the passions, that inconstancy of temper, that equal mixture of good and ill, and that series of misfortunes consequent thereto, as might make him very fit for a Hero in a just composition.

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Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geffry's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories,
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce these rights so forcibly with-held.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have;
Pembroke, look to't; farewel, Chatillon.

[*Exit* Chat. *and* Pem.

Eli. What now, my son, have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease
Till she had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful, bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right,

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Or else it must go wrong with you and me;
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
Which none but Heaven, and you, and I shall hear.
Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversy
Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard; shall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.——What men are you?

Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* PHILIP *his Brother.*

Phi. Your faithful subject, I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A soldier, by the honour-giving-hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Robert. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems?
Phi. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Phi. I, Madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

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K. John. A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Phi. I know not why, except to get the land;
But once he ſlandered me with baſtardy:
But whether I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;
But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this ſon like him;
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give Heaven thanks I was not like to thee.
K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath Heaven lent us here?
Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?
K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Phi. Becauſe he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land? (2)

(2) *With* half that *face*] But why with *half* that face? There is no queſtion but the Poet wrote, as I have reſtored the text, With that half-face.——Mr Pope, perhaps, will be angry with me for diſcovering an anachroniſm of our Poet's in the next line; where he alludes to a coin not ſtruck till the year 1504. in the reign of King *Henry* VII. *viz.* a groat, which, as well as the half groat, bear but half-faces impreſſed. *Vide* Stow's Survey of London, p. 47. Holingſhed, Camden's Remains, &c. The Poet ſneers at the meagre ſharp viſage of the elder brother, by comparing him to a ſilver groat, that bore the King's face in profile, ſo ſhewed but half the face. The groats of all our Kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of ſilver, one or two only excepted, had

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A half-faced groat, five hundred pound a year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father lived,
Your brother did employ my father much;—

Phi. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be, how he employed my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatched him in an embaſſy
To Germany, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourned at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large length of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeathed
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time:
Then good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;

a full face crowned; till *Henry* VII. at the time abovementioned, coined groats and half groats, as alſo ſome ſhillings, with half-faces; that is, faces in profile, as all our coin has now. The firſt groats of King *Henry* VIII. were like thoſe of his father; though afterwards he returned to the broad faces again. Theſe groats with the impreſſion in profile, are undoubtedly here alluded to: though, as I ſaid, the Poet is knowingly guilty of an anachroniſm in it; for, in the time of King *John*, there were no groats at all; they being firſt, as far as appears, coined in the reign of King *Edward* III.

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Which fault lyes on the hazard of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claimed this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him; this concludes,
My mother's son did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Phi. Of no more force to dispossess me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulcon-
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land; [bridge,
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Phi. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuft; my face so thin, (3)

(3) ——*my face so thin,*
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look where three-farthings *goes!*]

In this very obscure passage our Poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown *rose*. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that Queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only prince who coined in England three-half-pence, and theree-farthing pieces. She, at one and the same time, coined shillings, six pences, groats, three-pences, two pences, three-half-pence, pence, three farthings, and half pences: and these pieces all had her head, and were alternately with the *rose* behind, and without the *rose*. The shilling, groat, two pence, penny, and half penny, had it not: the other intermediate coins, *viz.* the six pence, three pence, three-half pence, and three farthings had the *rose*. This accurate dis-

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That in mine ear I dare not ſtick a roſe, [goes!
Leſt men ſhould ſay, Look where three-farthings
And to his ſhape were heir to all this land;
Would I might never ſtir from off this place
I'd give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be Sir Nobbe in any caſe.

Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy for-
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? [tune,
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.

Phi. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet ſell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Phi. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Phi. Philip, my Liege, ſo is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whoſe form thou beareſt:
Kneel thou down Philip, but riſe up more great;
Ariſe Sir Richard, and Plantagenet. [hand;

Phi. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your
My father gave me honour, yours gave land.

tinction I owe to the favour and communication of the worthy and ingenious Martin Folkes, Eſq. I'll venture to advance one obſervation, before I have done with this ſubject, that as each of the leſſer of theſe pieces were hardly to be diſtinguiſhed in ſize from that immediately next to it in value, it was the common practice to deface the *roſe* upon the leſſer coin, to make it paſs for that next above it in price. And this ſerves to give light to a paſſage of Beaumont and Fletcher in their *Scornful Lady*:

He had a baſtard, his own toward iſſue, whipt, and then cropt, for waſhing out the *roſe* in three-farthings to make them pence.

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Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very ſpirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam; Richard, call me ſo.

Phi. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what tho'?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch;
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch;
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well-ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſs Knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire:
Come, Madam; and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Phi. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i' th' way of honeſty.

[*Exe. all but* Phi.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any Joan a Lady.
Good-den, Sir Richard,—Godamercy, fellow;
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too reſpective and unſociable
For your converſing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worſhip's meſs;
And when my knightly ſtomach is ſufficed,
Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
My piqued man of countries;—My dear Sir; (4)
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin)

(4) *My* piked *man of countries*;] Thus Mr Pope exhibits this paſſage, and interprets the word, *formal bearded*. The old copies give it us, *piked*, by a ſlight corruption in the ſpelling; but the Author certainly deſigned, *piqued*; (from the French verb, *ſe piquer*) *i. e.* touchy, tart, apprehenſive, upon his guard.

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I ſhall beſeech you,—that is Queſtion now;
And then comes anſwer like an A, B, C,-book:
O Sir, ſays Anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir?——
No, Sir, ſays Queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours,——
And ſo, e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would, (5)
Serving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
The Pyrenean and the river Po;
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:

(5) *And ſo e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would,*
(Saving *in dialogue*—] In this fine ſpeech Faulconbridge would ſhew the advantages and prerogatives of men of worſhip. He particularly obſerves, that he has the traveller at command. (And here we muſt remember the time our Author wrote in, when travellers, by the daily diſcovery of new worlds, were in the greateſt eſtimation.) At the firſt intimation of his deſire to hear ſtrange ſtories, the traveller complies, and the anſwer comes as eaſy as an a, b, c,-book. Now, Sir, ſays the knight, this is my queſtion:—The over-ready traveller will ſcarce give him leave to make it, but, *e'er anſwer knows what queſtion would*, —What then? Why, according to the ſtupidity of the hitherto received reading, it grows towards ſupper-time. And is not this worſhipful ſociety? to ſpend all the time betwixt dinner and ſupper, before either of them knows what the other would be at. So abſurdly is the ſenſe vitiated, by putting the three lines in a parentheſis; which, we may ſuppoſe, was firſt occaſioned by their blunder in the word *ſaving*, inſtead of the true word *ſerving*. Now, my emendation gives the text this turn: "And e'er Anſwer knows "what the queſtion would be at, my traveller *ſerves* in "his dialogue of compliment, which is his ſtanding diſh at "all tables, then he comes to talk of the Alps and Apen"nines, &c. and by the time this diſcourſe concludes, it "draws towards ſupper." All now here is ſenſe and humour; and the phraſe of *ſerving in* is a very humorous one, to ſignify that this was his worſhip's ſecond courſe.
Mr Warburton.

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For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
(And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no:)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte, in riding robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband,
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me! it is my mother. Now, good Lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, *and* JAMES GURNEY.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother? where is he
That holds in chaſe mine honour up and down?

Phi. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man?
Is it Sir Robert's ſon that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir Robert's ſon? ay, thou unrev'rend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon; why ſcorneſt thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's ſon, and ſo art thou.

Phi. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phi. Philip!——ſpare me, James; (6)
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.
[*Exit* James.

(6)——*Philip*, ſparrow *James*;] Thus the old copies; and Mr Pope has attempted to gloſs this reading by telling us, that Philip is the common name for a tame ſparrow. So that then Faulconbridge would ſay,—Call me *Philip?* You may as well call me *ſparrow*.——The alluſion is very mean

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Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's ſon,
Sir Robert might have ate his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his faſt:
Sir Robert could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir Robert never holpe to make this leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?

Phi. Knight, Knight, good mother---Baſiliſco-like. (7).

and trifling: and every body, I believe, will chuſe to embrace Mr Warburton's emendation, which I have inſerted into the text. *Spare me*, and *forbear me*, it may be obſerved, are our Author's accuſtomed phraſes; either when any one wants another to leave him, or would be rid of a diſpleaſing ſubject. So, in *The Tempeſt*, Alonzo, when his companions teaze him with unſeaſonable diſcourſe, ſays;

I pr'ythee, *ſpare*.

So Imogen in *Cymbeline*, when ſhe wants to get rid of Cloten;

——I pray you, *ſpare me*; faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs.

So, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*, when he diſmiſſes the meſſenger that brings an account of his wife's death;

——*Forbear me*;
There's a great ſpirit gone!

And, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, when the Duke would have Mariana leave him;

I ſhall *crave your forbearance* a little; may be I will call upon you anon.

(7) Knight, Knight,——*good mother*, Baſiliſco *like*.] Thus muſt this paſſage be pointed; and, to come at the humour of it, I muſt clear up an old circumſtance of Stage-hiſtory. Faulconbridge's words here carry a concealed piece of ſatire upon a ſtupid Drama of that age, printed in 1599, and called *Soliman and Perſeda*. In this piece there is the character of a

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What! I am dubbed; I have it on my ſhoulder:
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaimed Sir Robert and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone:
Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

Lady. Haſt thou denied thyſelf a Faulconbridge?

Phi. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduced
To make room for him in my huſband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge!
Thou art the iſſue of my dear offence,
Which was ſo ſtrongly urg'd paſt my defence.

Phi. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wiſh a better father.
Some ſins do bear their privilege on earth,

bragging cowardly knight, called *Baſiliſco*. His pretenſion to valour is ſo blown and ſeen through, that Piſton, a buffoon-ſervant in the play, jumps upon his back, and will not diſengage him, till he makes Baſiliſco ſwear upon his dugeon dagger to the contents, and in the terms he dictates to him: as, for inſtance:

Baſ. O, I ſwear, I ſwear.
Piſt. By the contents of this blade.
Baſ. By the contents of this blade.
Piſt. I, the aforeſaid Baſiliſco.
Baſ. I, the aforeſaid Baſiliſco,
Knight, good fellow, *knight*, *knight*,——
Piſt. Knave, good fellow, *knave*, *knave*.

So that 'tis clear our Poet is ſneering at this play; and makes Philip, when his mother calls him *knave*, throw off that reproach, by humourouſly laying claim to his new dignity of knighthood; as Baſiliſco arrogantly inſiſts on his title of Knight, in the paſſage above quoted. This old play is an execrable bad one; and, I ſuppoſe, was ſufficiently expleded in the repreſentation: which might make this circumſtance ſo well known, as to become the butt for a ſtage-ſarcaſm.

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And ſo do yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Againſt whoſe fury, and unmatched force,
The awleſs lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hands.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May eaſily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but ſay thou didſt not well
When I was got, I'll ſend his ſoul to hell.
Come, Lady, I will ſhew thee to my kin,
And they ſhall ſay, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadſt ſaid him *nay*, it had been ſin;
Who ſays it was, he lies; I ſay 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Angiers *in* France.

Enter PHILIP *King of* France, LEWIS *the* Dauphin, *the Archduke of* Auſtria, CONSTANCE, *and* ARTHUR.

LEWIS.

BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Auſtria.
Arthur! that great fore-runner of thy blood,
Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Paleſtine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave;
And for amends to his poſterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.
Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?
Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
As seal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands their islanders;
Ev'n till that England, hedged in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, still secure
And confident from foreign purposes,
Ev'n 'till that outmost corner of the West,
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.
Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.
Aust. The peace of Heav'n is theirs who lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.
K. Phi. Well then, to work; our engines shall be bent
Against the brows of this resisting town;
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmens' blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.
My Lord Chatilion may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we shall repent each drop of blood
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILION.

K. Phi. A wonder, Lady! Lo, upon thy wish,
Our messenger Chatilion is arrived.
What England says, say briefly, gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee. Chatilion, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry siege,
And stir them up against a mightier task.
England, impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his legions all as soon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
With him along is come the Mother-Queen;
An Até, stirring him to blood and strife.
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a bastard of the King deceased,
And all th' unsettled humours of the land;
Rash, inconsid'rate, fiery voluntaries.
With ladies faces, and fierce dragons spleens,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,

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To do offence and ſkaith in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums
[*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.
To parley or to fight, therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlooked for is this expedition!

Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much.
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepared.

Enter King of England, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR, BLANCH, PEMBROKE, *and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace aſcend to Heav'n!
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to Heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that England's ſake,
With burden of our armour here we ſweat;
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art ſo far,
That thou haſt under-wrought its lawful King,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced infant ſtate, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face,
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth contain that large
Which died in Geffrey; and the hand of Time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,

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And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's; in the name of God,
How comes it then that thou art called a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'er-maſtereſt?

K. John. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, France,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. Phi. From that ſupernal Judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it.

K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli. Who is't thatthou doſt call uſurper, France?

Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.--

Eli. Out, infolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou mayeſt be a Queen, and check the world!

Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey
Than thou and John, in manners being as like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul, I think
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Auſt. Peace,-----

Faulc. Hear the crier.

Auſt. What the devil art thou?

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Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An' a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoak your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the lion of that robe.

Faulc. It lyes as ſightly on the back of him, (8)
As great Alcides' ſhews upon an aſs;
But, aſs, I'll take that burden from your back,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath? [King
King Philip, determine what we ſhall do ſtreight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as ſoon.--I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Britain, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more

(8) *It lyes as ſightly on the back of him,*
As great Alcides' ſhoes *upon an aſs*;] But why his *ſhoes*, in the name of propriety? For let Hercules and his ſhoes have been really as big as they were ever ſuppoſed to be, yet they (I mean the ſhoes) would not have been an overload for an aſs. I am perſuaded I have retrieved the true reading; and let us obſerve the juſtneſs of the compariſon now. Faulconbridge, in his reſentment, would ſay this to Auſtria: "That lion's ſkin, which my great father King "Richard once wore, looks as uncouthly on thy back, as "that other noble hide, which was borne by Hercules, "would look on the back of an aſs." A double alluſion was intended; firſt, to the fable of the aſs in the lion's ſkin; then Richard I. is finely ſet in competition with Alcides, as Auſtria is ſatirically coupled with the aſs.

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Than e'er the coward-hand of France can win.
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Conſt. Go, child, go to it grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig;
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace:
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.

Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whether ſhe does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which Heaven ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads Heaven ſhall be bribed
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heaven and earth!

Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heaven and earth,
Call me not ſlanderer; thou, and thine, uſurp
The domination, royalties and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Unfortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,

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All punished in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will!--a wicked will;
A woman's will, a cankred grandam's will.

K. Phi. Peace, Lady; pause, or be more temperate:
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter a Citizen *upon the Walls.*

Cit. Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England for itself;
You men of Angiers and my loving subjects——

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle— [first:

K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us
These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither marched to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparations for a bloody siege
And merciless proceeding, by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime

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Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To save unscratched your city's threatened cheeks)
Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle;
And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words folded up in smoak,
To make a faithless error in your ears;
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whose laboured spirits,
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us
Lo! in this right hand, whose protection [both.
Is most divinely vowed upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town:
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young Prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, hath all offence sealed up:
Our cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhacked swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty-blood again,

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Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffered offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war,
Tho' all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline,
Were harboured in their rude circumference.
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challenged it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can w not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time
Have we rammed up our gates againſt the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed--

Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe.)

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe—

Faulc. (Some baſtards too.)

K. Phi. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King! arms!

K. Phi. Amen, amen.-----Mount, chevaliers, to

Faulc. Saint George, that ſwinged the dragon, and e'er ſince

Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your lionneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monſter of you.------ [*To* Auſtria.

Auſt. Peace, no more.

Faulc. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.

Faulc. Speed then to take the advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right! [*Exeunt.*

A long Charge ſounded: then, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France, *with Trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur Duke of Bretagne in;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons ly ſcattered on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's huſband groveling lyes,
Coldly embracing the diſcoloured earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplayed,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald *with Trumpets.*

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers; ring your bells;
King John, your King and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that marched hence ſo ſilver-bright,

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Hither return all gilt in Frenchmens' blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of France.
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt marched forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our lusty Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured; [blows;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwered
Strength matched with ſtrength, and power confronted power;
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter the two Kings *with their Powers, at ſeveral doors.*

K. John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vexed with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erſwell
With courſe diſturbed even thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou haſt not ſaved one drop of blood
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſwear,
That ſways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay by our juſt-borne arms,

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We'll put thee down, 'gainſt whom theſe arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead;
Gracing the ſcroul, that tells of this war's loſs,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Faulc. Ha! Majeſty, —— how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of Kings is ſet on fire!
Oh, now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel:
The ſwords of ſoldiers are his teeth, his phangs;
And now he feaſts, mouthing the fleſh of men
In undetermined diff'rences of Kings.
Why ſtand theſe royal fronts amazed thus?
Cry havoc, Kings; back to the ſtained field,
You equal potents, fiery-kindled ſpirits!
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death.

K. John. Whoſe party do the townſmen yet admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England, who's your King?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the King.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear poſſeſſion of our perſon here;
Lord of our preſence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater pow'r than ye denies all this; (9)
And till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong-barred gates.

(9) *A greater power than* we *denies all this*;] We muſt certainly read, as Mr Warburton acutely obſerved to me;

A greater power than *ye* denies all this;

i. e. Though each of you pretend to be our rightful kings, you are as yet only ſo in ſwaying over our fears, in the terror we have of you; not acknowledged kings in our obedience.

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Kings of our fears,—until our fears resolved
Be by some certain king purged and deposed.
Faulc. By Heav'n, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, Kings,
And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
You royal presences, be ruled by me;
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
By east and west let France and England mount
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths;
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawled down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again;
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion;
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty States?
Smacks it not something of the policy?
K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after, fight who shall be king of it?
Faulc. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wronged as we are by this peevish town,
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
As we will ours, against these saucy walls;

And when that we have dar'd them to the ground,
Why then, defy each other; and, pell-mell,
Make work upon ourselves for heaven or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so; say, where will you assault?

K. John. We from the west shall send destruction
Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Faulc. O prudent discipline! from north to south,
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.
I'll stir them to it; come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall shew you peace, and fair-faced league;
Win you this city without stroke or wound;
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field;
Persevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If lusty Love should go in quest of Beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous Love should go in search of Virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If Love ambitious sought a match of Birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as she is in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete of, —— say, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, (to name want),
If want it be not, that she is not he.

He is the half part of a blessed man, (10)
Left to be finished by such a she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lyes in him.
O two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in;
And two such shores, to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates: for at this match,
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce, (11)
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
Lions so confident, mountains and rocks
So free from motion; no, not Death himself
In mortal fury half so peremptory,
As we to keep this city.

Faulc. Here's a stay,
That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas;

(10) *He is the half part of a blessed man,*
Left to be finished by such as she;] The ingenious Dr Thirlby prescribed that reading which I have here restored to the text, and which is absolutely requisite to the sense of the passage.

(11) *With swifter* speed *than powder can enforce,*] This is a wise sophistication of Mr Pope's because he did not understand the genuine text. I have restored with the old copies;

With swifter *spleen* than powder, &c.
i. e. with a passion of desire more swift in its influence, than your fire and fury can compel us to. The Poet uses this word again, afterwards in this play, in the very same sense;

Faulc. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And *spleen* of speed to see your Majesty!

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Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoak and bounce,
He gives the baftonado with his tongue:
Our ears are cudgeled; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fift of France:
Zounds, I was never fo bethumped with words,
Since I firft called my brother's father dad.

Eli. Son, lift to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:
For by this knot thou fhalt fo furely tye
Thy now-unfured affurance to the crown,
That you green boy fhall have no fun to ripe
The bloom that promifeth a mighty fruit.
I fee a yielding in the looks of France:
Mark how they whifper; urge them, while their fouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Left zeal now melted by the windy breath
Of foft petitions, pity, and remorfe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

Cit. Why anfwer not the double majefties
This friendly treaty of our threatened town?

K. Phi. Speak, England, firft, that hath been forward firft
To fpeak unto this city: what fay you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely fon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love*,
Her dowry fhall weigh equal with a queen.
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers, (12)

(12) *For* Angier's *and fair* Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this fide the fea,
Except this city *now by us* befieged,
Find ftable, &c.] This is a remarkable inftance of carelefsnefs in a point that ftares common fenfe full in the face: and yet thus all the editors in their profound fagacity. What was the city *befieged*, but Angiers? King John con-

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And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this city now by us beſieged,
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed, and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;
As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princeſs in the world.

K. Phi. What ſayeſt thou, boy? look in the Lady's face.

Lewis. I do, my Lord, and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf formed in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow:
I do proteſt I never loved myſelf,
Till now infixed I beheld myſelf
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[*Whiſpering with* Blanch.

Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quartered in her heart! he doth eſpy
Himſelf love's traitor: this is pity now,
That hanged, and drawn, and quartered, there ſhould be
In ſuch a love ſo vile a lout as he.

ſenting to match the Lady Blanch with the Dauphin, agrees, in part of her dowery, to give up all he held in France, except the city of Angiers, which he now beſieged and laid claim to. But could it be thought that he ſhould at one and the ſame time give up all except Angiers, and give up that too? I corrected this paſſage in the appendix to my Shakeſpeare Reſtored; and Mr Pope has embraced it in his laſt edition. Anjou was one of the provinces, (methinks that gentleman might have remembered,) which the Engliſh held in France, and which the French King, by Chatilion, claimed of King John in right of Duke Arthur, at the very opening of the play. Angiers, inſtead of Anjou, has been falſely printed in ſeveral other paſſages of this hiſtory.

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Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will enforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this, that nothing do I ſee in you
(Tho' churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.

K. John. What ſay theſe young ones? what ſay you, my niece?

Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do,
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love this lady?

Lewis. Nay, aſk me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volqueſſen, Touraine, Poictiers, and Anjou, theſe five provinces, [Maine,
With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of Engliſh coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleaſed withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well; young Princes, cloſe your hands.

Auſt. And your lips too; for I am well aſſured
That I did ſo when I was firſt aſſured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made:
For at St Mary's chapel preſently
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemnized.
Is not the Lady Conſtance in this troop?
I know ſhe is not; for this match made up
Her preſence would have interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?

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Lewis. She's sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

K. Phi. And by my faith, this league that we
Will give her sadness very little cure. Thave made
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? in her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turned another way
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlooked for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but* Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition!
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of Faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even upon even ground;

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Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this Commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile concluded peace.——
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say, there is no vice but beggary.
Since kings break faith upon Commodity,
Gain be my lord; for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the* French *King's Pavilion.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, *and* SALISBURY.

CONSTANCE.

GONE to be married! gone to swear a peace!
False blood to false blood joined! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard;
Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again,

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It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me I do not believe thee, man;
I have a king's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſhed for thus frighting me,
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſs'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And tho' thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſigns confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Con. Oh, if you teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die.
Lewis wed Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, begone, I cannot brook thy ſight:
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?

Con. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.

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Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.

Con. If thou, that bidſt me be content, wert grim,
Ugly, and ſlanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks;
I would not care, I then would be content:
For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great.
Of Nature's gifts thou mayeſt with lilies boaſt,
And with the half-blown roſe. But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee,
Adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath plucked on France
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his Majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to John,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forſworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Con. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt; I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtoop.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let kings aſſemble: for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and Sorrow ſit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it. (13)

[*Sits down on the floor.*

(13) ——*bid kings come bow to it.*] I muſt here account for

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Enter King JOHN, *King* PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE *and* AUSTRIA.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival:

the liberty I have taken to make a change in the diviſion of the ſecond and third acts. In the old editions, the ſecond act was made to end here; though 'tis evident, Lady Conſtance here, in her deſpair, ſeats herſelf on the floor; and ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed, as I formerly obſerved, immediately to riſe again, only to go off and end the act decently; or the flat ſcene muſt ſhut her in from the ſight of the audience, an abſurdity I cannot wiſh to accuſe Shakeſpeare of. Mr Gildon and ſome other critics fancied, that a conſiderable part of the ſecond act was loſt; and that the chaſm began here. I had joined in this ſuſpicion of a ſcene or two being loſt; and unwittingly drew Mr Pope into this error. "It ſeems "to be ſo (ſays he); and it were to be wiſhed the reſtorer "(meaning me) could ſupply it." To deſerve this great man's thanks, I'll venture at the taſk; and hope to convince my readers that nothing is loſt; but that I have ſupplied the ſuſpected chaſm, only by rectifying the diviſion of the acts. Upon looking a little more narrowly into the conſtitution of the play, I am ſatisfied that the third act ought to begin with that ſcene which has hitherto been accounted the laſt of the ſecond act: and my reaſons for it are theſe. The match being concluded, in the ſcene before that, betwixt the Dauphin and Blanch, a meſſenger is ſent to Lady Conſtance to King Philip's tent, for her to come to St Mary's church to the ſolemnity. The Princes all go out, as to the marriage; and the *baſtard*, ſtaying a little behind, to deſcant on intereſt and commodity, very properly ends the act. The next ſcene then, in the French King's tent, brings us Saliſbury delivering his meſſage to Conſtance, who, refuſing to go to the ſolemnity, ſets herſelf down on the floor. The whole train returning from the church to the French King's pavilion, Philip expreſſes ſuch ſatisfaction on occaſion of the happy ſolemnity of that day, that Conſtance riſes from the floor, and joins in the ſcene, by entering her proteſt againſt their joy, and curſing the buſineſs of the day. Thus, I conceive, the ſcenes are fairly continued; and there is no chaſm in the action; but a proper interval made both for

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To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the Alchymiſt;
Turning with ſplendour of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.
The yearly courſe, that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holy-day.

Con. A wicked day, and not an holyday.——
[*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerved? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the Kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſſed:
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſehood change!

K. Phi. By Heaven, Lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majeſty?

Con. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn.
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood;
But now in arms you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league:
Arm, arm, ye Heavens, againſt theſe perjured Kings;
A widow cries, be huſband to me, Heaven!

Salisbury's coming to Lady Conſtance, and for the ſolemniſation of the marriage. Beſides, as Faulconbridge is evidently the Poet's favourite character, 'twas very well judged to cloſe the act with his ſoliloquy.

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Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Con. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges, O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to stamp, and swear
Upon my party; thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man would speak those words to me! [limbs.

Faulc. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Methinks that Richard's pride and Richard's fall (14)
Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.

(14) Aust. *Methinks that* Richard's *pride and* Richard's *fall*] These twelve subsequent lines Mr Pope first inserted from the old sketch of this play, called The *Troublesome Reign of King John*, in two parts. As the verses are not bad, I have not cashiered them; though I do not conceive them so ab-

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Faulc. What words are these? how do my sinews
My father's foe clad in my father's spoil! [shake?

solutely essential to clearing up any circumstance of the action, as Mr Pope seems to imagine. What was the ground of this quarrel of the Bastard to Austria (says that gentleman) is no where specified in the present play, nor is there in this place, or the scene where it is first hinted at, (namely, the second of act second) the least mention of any reason for it. This is the editor's assertion; but let us examine how well it is grounded. In the very beginning of the second act, the Dauphin, speaking of Austria to young Arthur, says;

Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave.

To which Arthur replies;

God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life.

Is not this a sufficient ground for Faulconbridge's quarrel to Austria? It may be objected, Faulconbridge is not present to hear this. But what if he be not, so the audience be informed duely of the circumstance: the fact was too notorious to suppose Faulconbridge did not know of it. The ground of this quarrel therefore, is fairly implied in that knowledge; and the Poet's art, perhaps, better shewn, (if we were to contend that point.) to let the information come from any other mouth than that of Faulconbridge. But then to a second material point. The story is, (subjoins the editor) that Austria, who killed King Richard Cœur-de-lion, wore, as the spoil of that Prince, a lion's hide which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the Bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. But is it omitted? Or else 'tis but begging the question. In the third act, when Lady Constance perceives that Austria has abandoned her interest, she says to him;

O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil:——
Thou wear a *lion's hide!* doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Now Faulconbridge is presented here, and sees Austria thus habited. But before, in the second act, where Faulconbridge begins to quarrel with Austria, let us attend to their dialogue:

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How doth Alecto whisper in my ears,
" Delay not, Richard, kill the villain strait;
" Disrobe him of the matchless monument,
" Thy father's triumph o'er the savages---"
Now by his soul I swear, my father's soul,
Twice will I not review the morning's rise,
Till I have torn that trophy from thy back,
And split thy heart for wearing it so long.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

Pan. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heav'n!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is;
I Pandulph, of fair Milan Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn, and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An' he may catch your *hide* and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard:
I'll smoak your *skin coat*, an' I catch you right.

But may it not here again be objected, that though Faulconbridge saw Austria clad in a lion's hide, yet he might not know it to be the very hide which was worn by King Richard his father? But to put that point out of all doubt, let us only hear what Lady Blanch immediately replies;

O, well did *he* become *that lion's hide*,
That did disrobe the *lion* of *that robe*.

I submit it therefore, whether these lines have not been inserted rather arbitrarily than necessarily. Upon the whole, as Mr Pope has generally been unfortunate in his criticisms, so he is no less unhappy in his diligence, when he would aim at giving a reason for what he does.

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Of Canterbury, from that holy ſee?
This in our foreſaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.
K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, that no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions:
But as we under Heav'n are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold;
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority. [this.
K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaſpheme in
K. John. Tho' you, and all the Kings of Chriſten-
Are led ſo groſly by this meddling prieſt, [dom
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf;
Tho' you, and all the reſt ſo groſly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pan. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate;
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worſhip'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.

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Con. O, lawful let it be, (15)
That I have room with Rome to curse a while.
Good father Cardinal, cry thou Amen,
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
Pan. There's law and warrant, Lady, for my curse.
Con. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?
Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.
Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.
Con. Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.
Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.
Faulc. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.
Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because ——
Faulc. Your breeches best may carry them.

(15) *O, lawful let it be,*
That I have leave *with* Rome *to curse a while.*] Mr Pope, in the nicety of his ear, has, against the authority of all the copies, displaced a jingle here, (which I have made bold to restore to the text,) though it is obvious to every knowing reader, how customary it is with our Poet, in a thousand instances, to play on words similar in sound, and differing in signification. He repeats the very same conundrum on the two words now before us, in *Julius Cæsar.*

Now is it Rome indeed; and *room* enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

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K. John. Philip, what ſayeſt thou to the Cardinal?

Con. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?

Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome,
Or the light loſs of England for a friend;
Forgo the eaſier.

Blanch. That's the curſe of Rome.

Con. Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here (16)
In likeneſs of a new and trimmed bride.

Blanch. The Lady Conſtance ſpeaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Con. Oh, if you grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up:
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and anſwers not to this.

Con. O, be removed from him, and anſwer well.

(16) ——*the devil tempts thee here*
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed *bride.*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, yet as *untrimmed* cannot bear any ſignification to ſquare with the ſenſe required, I cannot help thinking it a corrupted reading. It might, indeed, admit of this explanation, undreſſed, ready to go to bed: but then that is giving in to an alluſion too groſs for Lady Conſtance. I have ventured to throw out the negative, and read;

In likeneſs of a new and *trimmed* bride.

i. e. of a new bride, and one decked and adorned as well by art as nature. Or we might read, (but it departs a little wider from the traces of the text as we find it);

In likeneſs of a new *betrimmed* bride.

But the firſt conjecture anſwers the ſenſe and purpoſe of the ſpeaker, and requires but a very ſlight variation.

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Auſt. Do ſo, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Faul. Hang nothing but a calf's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What canſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curſt? [more,
K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my perſon
And tell me how you would beſtow yourſelf. [yours,
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Married in league, coupled and linked together
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows:
The lateſt breath, that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love
Between our kingdoms, and our royal ſelves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heaven knows, they were beſmeared and over-ſtained
With ſlaughter's pencil; where Revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incenſed kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purged of blood,
So newly joined in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeiſure, and this kind regreet?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with Heaven,
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Un-ſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My reverend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſt
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,

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Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe, on her revolting ſon.
France, thou mayeſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

K. Phi. I may diſjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makeſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow,
Firſt made to Heaven, firſt be to Heaven performed;
That is, to be the champion of our church.
What ſince thou ſworeſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf,
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that, which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is not amiſs, when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook,
Is to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſehood falſehood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burned.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion:
By what thou ſweareſt, againſt the thing thou ſweareſt
And makeſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure
To ſwear, ſwear only not to be forſworn,
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear!
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.

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And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions;
Upon which better part our prayers come in,
If thou vouchſafe them: but if not, then know
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off,
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calf's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me: (ay, alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth?) even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Con. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Con. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honour. Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!——

Lewis. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

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K. Phi. Thou ſhalt not need. England, I'll fall from thee.

Con. O fair return of baniſhed Majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconſtancy!

K. John. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faulc. Old Time the Clock-ſetter, that bald Sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that I muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou mayeſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou mayeſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive:
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſs, before the match be played.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lyes.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together. [*Exit* Faulconbridge.
France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath,
A rage whoſe heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and deareſt valued blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Look to thyſelf, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hye. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE *changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms, Excursions: *Enter* FAULCONBRIDGE, *with* Austria's *Head.*

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wonderous hot; (17)
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there.
Thus hath King Richard's son performed his vow,
And offered Austria's blood for sacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living soul.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, *and* HUBERT.

K. John. There, Hubert, keep this boy. Richard, make up
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And taken, I fear.

Faulc. My Lord, I rescued her:
Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

Alarms, Excursions, Retreat. Re-enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, FAULCONBRIDGE, HUBERT, *and* Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your Grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded: cousin, look not sad,
[*To* Arthur.

(17) ——— *grows wonderous hot;*
Some airy *devil hovers in the sky.*] I have, by Mr Warburton's direction, ventured to substitute *fiery devil.* It is a very unconclusive inference, sure, that, because it grew wonderous hot, some airy Devil hovered in the sky. It is a sort of reasoning that carries an air of ridicule, unless we could determine, that the Poet meant no more by the epithet than to express the Sacred Text, in which the Devil is stiled the *Prince of the air.*

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Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Couſin, away for England; haſte before, [*To* Faul.
And, ere our coming, ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; their impriſoned angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of Peace (18)
Muſt by the hungry War be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle, ſhall not drive me back,
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your Highneſs: Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.

Eli. Farewel, my gentle Couſin.

K. John. Coz, farewel. [*Exit* Faul.

Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;—hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the Stage.*

K. John. to Hubert *on the other ſide.*] Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love:
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand; I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.

(18) ——— *the fat ribs of Peace*
Muſt by the hungry now *be fed upon.*] This word *now*, ſeems a very idle term here, and conveys no ſatisfactory idea. An antitheſis and oppoſition of terms, ſo perpetual with our Author, requires;
Muſt by the hungry *War* be fed upon.
War, demanding a large expence, is very poetically ſaid to be hungry, and to prey on the wealth and fat of Peace.
Mr *Warburton.*

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By Heaven, Hubert, I'm almoſt aſhamed
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Majeſty.
K. John. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay
ſo yet,------
But thou ſhalt have—and creep time ne'er ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay---but let it go:
The ſun is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
To give me audience. If the midnight bell (19)
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one unto the drowſy race of night;
If this ſame were a church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit Melancholy
Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,

(19) ——*If the midnight bell*
Did with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth,
Sound on into *the drowſy race of night;*] I do not think that *ſound on* gives here that idea of ſolemnity and horror which, 'tis plain, our Poet intended to impreſs by this fine deſcription, and which my emendation conveys: *i. e.* If it were the ſtill part of the night, or *one* of the clock in the morning, when the ſound of the bell ſtrikes upon the ear with moſt awe and terror. And it is very uſual with our Shake ſpeare, in other paſſages, to expreſs the horrors of a midnight bell.
So in *Othello*;
Silence that *dreadful* bell, it *frights* the iſle.
——————what's the buſineſs,
That ſuch an *hideous* trumpet calls to parley
The *ſleepers* of the houſe? *Macbeth.*
And ſometimes, for the more ſolemnity, he is uſed to add the circumſtance of the particular hour.
The iron tongue of *midnight* hath told *twelve.*
Midſum. Night's Dream.
The bell then beating *one.* *Hamlet.*

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Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that ideot Laughter keep men's eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment,
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes);
Or if that thou couldeſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſound of words;
Then, in deſpight of broad-eyed watchful Day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not---yet I love thee well;
And by my troth I think thou loveſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By Heaven I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldeſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy; I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My Lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember:——Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe powers o'er to your Majeſty.

Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!

K. John. For England, couſin, go.

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Hubert ſhall be your man, t' attend on you
With all true duty; on, toward Calais, ho!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Court.*

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPHO *and Attendants.*

K. Phi. So by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of collected ſail
Is ſcattered and disjoined from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort; all ſhall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run ſo ill.
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur taken priſoner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of France?
Lewis. What he hath won that he hath fortified:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpoſed,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this? praiſe,
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th' eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath.
I pr'ythee, Lady, go away with me.
Con. Lo now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
K. Phi. Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle Conſtance.
Con. No, I defy all counſel, all redreſs,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, death! Oh amiable, lovely death!

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Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from thy couch of laſting Night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſehold worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter, like thyſelf;
Come grin on me, and I will think thou ſmileſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife. Miſery's love,
O come to me!

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth,
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouze from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern invocation. (20)

Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow.

Con. Thou art not holy to belye me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is Conſtance, I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to Heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like, I ſhould forget myſelf.
Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canonized, Cardinal.

(20) *And ſcorns a* modeſt *invocation*;] So Mr Pope: but I have thought fit to reſtore the reading of the old copies. 'Tis certain our Author employs this word *modern*, in a great many places very cramply. But we ſhall always underſtand him, if we but carry this remark with us; that he generally uſes it in the ſignification of *trifling*; *inſignificant*, *not weighty*, *of ſmall moment*, &c. Thus his ſenſe will be always clear to us; as it were, metaphorically, from thoſe who deſpiſe modern things, and prefer the ancient to them.

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For being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be delivered of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up thoſe treſſes; O what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs:
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true inſeparable faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Con. To England, if you will.——

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Con. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud,
O that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have given theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.
And, father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in Heaven;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker-ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And ſo he'll die; and riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of Heaven,

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I shall not know him; therefore never, never,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
Con. He talks to me that never had a son.—
K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child;
Lyes in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-cloaths.*
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure! [*Exit.*
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
[*Exit.*
Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
A bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil.
What have you lost, by losing of this day?
Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

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'Tis ſtrange to think how much King John hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are you not grieved that Arthur is his priſoner?

Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetic ſpirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.
John hath ſeized Arthur, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplaced John ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath of reſt.
A ſceptre ſnatched with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſterouſly maintained as gained,
And he, that ſtands upon a ſlippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up.
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall;
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall.

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
John lays your plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
This act ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
That no ſo ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
No natural exhalation in the ſky,

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No ſcape of nature, no diſtempered day,
No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
But they will pluck away its natural cauſe,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
Abortives and preſages, tongues of Heaven
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lewis. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you
Than I have named!---The Baſtard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent,
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence.
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us go;
If you ſay *ay*, the King will not ſay *no*. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV.

SCENE *changes to* England.

A Prison.

Enter HUBERT *and* Executioner.

HUBERT.

HEAT me these irons hot, and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair. Be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you; look to't.
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Arth. As little Prince (having so great a title
To be more Prince) as may be. You are sad.
Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So were I out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.
And so I would be here, but that, I doubt,
My uncle practises more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?

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Indeed it is not; and I would to Heaven
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lyes dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden, and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*
Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to-day;
In ſooth, I wou'd you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young Arthur----- [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſ-piteous torture out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.---
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did
I knit my handkerchief about your brow, [but ake,
(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me),
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheared up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lyes your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a Prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If Heaven be pleaſed that you muſt uſe me ill,

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Why then, you muſt.—Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes that never did, nor never ſhall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itſelf, tho' heat red hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn, hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him? no tongue, but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you do. [*Stamps, and the Men enter.*
Arth. O ſave me, Hubert! ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.
Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For Heav'n's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, ſtand within; let me alone with him.
Exe. I am beſt pleaſed to be from ſuch a deed.
[*Exeunt.*
Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;

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Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.
Arth. O Heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe;
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.---
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes; ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of Heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert.
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes,
And like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack

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That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were diſguiſed.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports;
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O Heaven! I thank thee, Hubert.
Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Court of* England.

Enter King JOHN, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other* Lords.

K. John. Here once again we ſit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.
Pemb. This once again, but that your Highneſs pleaſed,
Was once ſuperfluous; you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off,
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt;
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any longed-for change, or better ſtate.
Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſſed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,

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To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To ſeek the beauteous eye of heaven to garniſh,
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome,
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. In this the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a ſhifted wind into a ſail,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights conſideration;
Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhioned robe.

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs; (21)
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches, ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counſel; but it pleaſed your High-
To over-bear it; and we're all well pleaſed; [neſs
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your Highneſs will.

K. John. Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſſed you with, and think them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but aſk

(21) *They do confound their ſkill in* covetouſneſs;] *i. e.* Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intenſe deſire of excelling; as in *Henry V.*

But if it be a ſin to *covet honour*,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.

What you would have reformed, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
(Both for myself and them, but chief of all
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies), heartily request
Th' infranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of Discontent
To break into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right your hold,
Why should your fears, (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choak his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it our weal that he have liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed,
He shewed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,

Like heralds, 'twirt two dreadful battles sent: (22)
His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold Mortality's strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answered either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows
Think you I bear the shears of destiny? [on me?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell!

Pemb. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which owned the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Messenger.

K. John. They burn in indignation: I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood;
No certain life atchieved by others' death.—[*Aside.*
A fearful eye thou hast; where is that blood
[*To the* Messen.

(22) *Like heralds, 'twixt two dreadful battles set:*] But heralds are not planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle; though they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read *sent*.

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That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm;
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of our speed is learned by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arrived.

K. John. Oh, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? where is my mother's care,
That such an army should be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My Liege, her ear
Is stop'd with dust: the first of April died
Your noble mother; and as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a phrenzy died
Three days before: but this from Rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true or false I know not.

K. John. With-hold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* PETER *of* Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings. Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amazed

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Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travelled thither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so?

K. John. Hubert, away with him, imprison him;
And on that day at noon whereon he says
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,
[*Exit* Hubert *with* Peter.
Hearest thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Faulc. The French, my Lord; mens mouths are full of it;
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who they say is killed to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thyself into their company:
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubjects enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.

Faulc. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. [*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps ſhall need
Some meſſenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Meſſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to-night:
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams in the ſtreets
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And, when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the ear:
And he that ſpeaks, doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
Whilſt he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth ſwallowing a tailor's news;
Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French

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That were embattled and ranked in Kent.
Another dean, unwaſhed artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why ſeekeſt thou to poſſeſs me with
theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not
provoke me?

K. John. It is the curſe of kings to be attended
By ſlaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break into the bloody houſe of life,
And, on the winking of authority,
To underſtand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majeſty, when perchance it frowns
More upon humour than adviſed reſpect.

Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.

K. John. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n
and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
How oft the ſight of means, to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and ſigned to do a deed of ſhame,
This murder had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorred aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Madeſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a prince.

Hub. My Lord——

K. John. Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or
made a pauſe,

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When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed,
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words,
Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me.
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.——
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My nobles leave me, and my ſtate is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conſcience and my couſin's death.

Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have ſlandered nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haſte thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood

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Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, answer not, but to my closet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street before a Prison.*

Enter ARTHUR *on the Walls, disguised.*

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
As good to die and go, as die and stay.
[*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:
Heav'n take my soul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St Edmundsbury;
It is our safety; and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.
Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. The Count Melun, a noble Lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.
Bigot. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long days journey, Lords, or ere we meet.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, distempered
Lords;

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The King by me requests your presence strait.
Sal. The King hath dispossessed himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours; nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.
Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.
Faulc. But there is little reason in your grief,
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its master, no man else.
Sal. This is the prison: what is he lyes here? [*Seeing* Arthur.
Pemb. Oh death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or when he doomed this beauty to the grave,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,
Or have you read or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almost think, although you see,
What you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? 'tis the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest into the crest
Of Murder's arms; this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.
Pemb. All murders past do stand excused in this;
And this so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,

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To the yet-unbegotton ſins of time,
And prove a deadly bloodſhed but a jeſt,
Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.
Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King;
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſant with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have ſet a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge. [words.
Pemb. Bigot. Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death;
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law? [*Drawing his ſword.*
Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murderer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Saliſbury; ſtand back, I ſay;
By Heaven, I think my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence,
Leſt I, by marking of your rage, forget

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Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility. [man?
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dareſt thou brave a noble-
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet, I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.
Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, Faulconbridge.
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Saliſbury.
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toaſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Bigot. Who killed this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honoured him, I loved him, and will weep
My date of life out for his ſweet life's loſs.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without ſuch rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me all you whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
Bigot. Away tow'rd Bury, to the Dauphin there.
Pemb. There, tell the King, he may enquire us out.
[*Exeunt* Lords.

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Faulc. Here's a good world! Knew you of this
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach [fair work?
Of mercy, if thou didſt this deed of death,
Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.

Faulc. Ha? I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damned ſo black--nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damned than Prince Lucifer.
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.

Hub. Upon my ſoul——

Faulc. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou wanteſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread
That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or wouldeſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Faulc. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amazed, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſy doſt thou take all England up! (23)

(23) *How eaſy doſt thou take all* England *up,*
From forth this morſel of dead royalty!] But how did Hubert take England up, from forth the dead body of young Arthur? Moſt ſagacious editors! The ſtupid pointing, which has prevailed in all the copies, makes ſtark nonſenſe of the paſſage. My pointing reſtores it to its genuine puri-

From forth this morſel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by the teeth
The unowned intereſt of proud ſwelling ſtate.
Now for the bare pick'd bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged War briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of Peace.
Now powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line, and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick fallen beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away that child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And Heaven itſelf doth frown upon the land.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *the Court of* England.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH, *and Attendants.*

K. JOHN.

THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory. [*Giving the Crown.*
Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,

ty. Faulconbridge, ſeeing Hubert take up the body of the dead Prince, makes two reflections:—How eaſily, ſays he, doſt thou take up all England in that burden! and then, that the life, right, and truth of the realm was fled to Heaven from out the breathleſs corſe of that ſlaughtered royalty, *&c.*

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Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty:
This inundation of miſtempered humour
Reſts by you only to be qualified.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtered,
Or overthrow incurable enſues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite, (24)
My tongue ſhall hush again this ſtorm of war,
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring land.
On this Aſcenſion-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Aſcenſion-day? did not the prophet

(24) *But ſince you are a gentle* convertite,] *i. e.* a convert, (a penitent) as we now phraſe it: but in our Author's time *convertite* was the term in faſhion. We find him uſe it again, more than once. In *As you like it*, ſententious Jaques ſays;

——— out of theſe *convertites*
There is much matter to be heard and learned.

And in his poem called *Tarquin and Lucrece*;

He thence departs a heavy *convertite*;
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt-away.

And Beaumont and Fletcher, in their *Noble Gentleman*:

Your couſin, who is now a *convertite*.

The termination of this word, no doubt, was formed from the Italian participle *convertito*: and the Spaniards likewiſe call a convert, *un convertido*.

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Say, that before Aſcenſion-day at noon
My crown I ſhould give off? even ſo I have:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, Heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But Dover-caſtle: London hath received,
Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for ought he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging Horror: ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviour from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid! forage, and run

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To meet Displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faulc. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cockred, silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *changes to the* Dauphin's *Camp, at* St Edmundsbury. (25)

Enter, in Arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, *and Soldiers.*

Lewis. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:

(25) —*at St* Edmundsbury.] I have ventured to fix the place of the scene here, which is specified by none of the editors, on the following authorities. In the preceding act, where Salisbury has fixed to go over to the Dauphin, he says,

Lords, I will meet him at St *Edmundsbury.*

And Count Melun, in this last act, says;

——and many more with me,

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Return the precedent to theſe Lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal and un-urged faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemned revolt,
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable reſcue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh my grieved friends!
That we, the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger march (26)

Upon the altar at St *Edmundsbury*;
Even on that altar, where we ſwore to you,
Dear amity and everlaſting love.

And it appears likewiſe from *The troubleſome Reign of King John*, in two parts. (the firſt rough model of this play) that the interchange of vows betwixt the Dauphin and the Engliſh Barons was at St Edmundſbury

(26) *Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march*
Upon her gentle boſom,] Thus all the printed copies have miſtakingly pointed this paſſage: but, with ſubmiſſion to the former editors, the word *ſtranger* is here an adjective in its uſage and to be coupled to *march*, which is its ſubſtantive, and no verb. So in *Richard* II.

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Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I must withdraw and weep (27)
Upon the spot of this enforced cause;)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou couldest remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore!
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper dost thou shew in this.
And great affection, wrestling in thy bosom,
Doth make an earthquake of nobility.
Oh, what a noble combat hast thou fought,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.
My heart hath melted at a Lady's tears,

And tread the *stranger* paths of banishment.
And so in his poem, called *Tarquin and Lucrece*;
But she that never coped with *stranger* eyes.
As to the use of this word adjectively, I have already spoke in my second note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

(27) ——— (*I must withdraw and weep*
Upon the spot, for this *enforced cause*)] Thus Mr Pope points and reads these lines; which, if I understand the drift, is making Salisbury say, "I must go from this "spot, and weep upon it."—I have chose to stick to the reading of the old copies, and to throw the passage into parenthesis. This is what, I apprehend, the Poet means Salisbury should say; "I must turn aside, and weep for this "*stain*, this disgrace of our revolt, to which we have been "enforced by the King's proceedings." So in the last speech of Salisbury to Prince Henry, the word *spot* again is used:

And the like tender of our love we make
To rest without a *spot* for evermore.

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Being an ordinary inundation:
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed,
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm.
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes,
That never saw the giant world enraged,
Nor met with fortune, other than at feasts,
Full-warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself; so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake!
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath!

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!
The next is this: King John hath reconciled
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild War;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may ly gently at the foot of Peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lewis. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not back:
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at controul;

Or useful serving-man and instrument
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with int'rest to this land;
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart:
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine:
And now it is half conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? what penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To under-prop this action? is't not I
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have banked their towns?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match, played for a crown?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lewis. Outside or inside, I will not return,
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And culled these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown

Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak,
My holy Lord of Milain, from the King:
I come to learn how you have dealt for him,
And as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
The youth says well. Now hear our English King,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me:
He is prepared; and reason too he should.
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harnessed mask, and unadvised revel,
This unhaired saucineſs and boyish troops, (28)

(28) *This* unheard *saucineſs and boyish troops,*] Thus the printed copies in general: but *unheard* is an epithet of very little force or meaning here; besides, let us observe how 'tis coupled. Faulconbridge is sneering at the Dauphin's invasion, as an unadvised enterprize, savouring of youth and indiscretion, the result of childishness and unthinking rashness; and he seems altogether to dwell on this character of it, by calling his preparation *boyish troops, dwarfish war, pigmy arms*, &c. So before, in the first scene of this act, Faulconbridge says;

——shall a *beardleſs boy*,
A cockred silken wanton, brave our fields?

Let me subjoin a few instances to shew, that this epithet *unhaired* is very much in the mode of our Shakespeare's expression. So in *Macbeth:*

——And many *unrough youths*,
That even now protest their first of manhood.

The King doth ſmile at, and is well-prepared
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells,
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks,
To ly, like pawns, locked up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill and ſhake
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Engliſhman;
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know the gallant Monarch is in arms,
And like an eagle o'er his aiery towers,
To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, bluſh for ſhame.

Love's Labour's Loſt:
I'll mark no words that *ſmooth faced* lovers ſay.
Antony and Cleopatra:
——or who knows,
If the *ſcarce-bearded* Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you.
Coriolanus:
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The *briſtled* lips before him.
Tempeſt:
—— Till new-born chins
Be *rough* and *razorable*.
Henry V.
For who is he, whoſe *chin* is but *enriched*
With one *appearing hair*.——
And in his poem called *Venus and Adonis:*
Whoſe beams upon his *hairleſs face* are fixed.

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For your own ladies, and pale-vifag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canſt outfcold us; fare thee well:
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babbler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis. We will attend to neither:
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed your drums being beaten will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten. Do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And ev'n at hand a drum is ready-braced,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath uſed rather for ſport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribbed Death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE *changes to a Field of Battle.*

Alarms. Enter King JOHN *and* HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? Oh, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me. Oh, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the Abbey there.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrecked three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but even now;
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd Swinstead; to my litter strait;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* French *Camp.*

Enter SALISBURY, REMBROKE, *and* BIGOT.

Sal. I did not think the King so stored with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put spirit in the French:
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That miss-begotton devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

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Pemb. They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, *wounded.*

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;

Untread the rude way of rebellion, (29)
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,

(29) Unthread *the rude eye of rebellion,*] Though all the copies concur in this reading, how poor is the metaphor of *unthreading* the *eye* of a *needle!* And, besides, as there is no mention made of a needle, how remote and obscure is the allusion without it? The text, as I have restored it, is easy and natural; and it is the mode of expression which our Author is every where found of, to *tread* and *untread* the *way, path, steps, &c.* So Salisbury says afterwards in this scene;

We will *untread* the *steps* of damned flight.

Henry VIII.

Say, Wolsey, that once *trod* the *ways* of glory.

Richard II.

But *tread* the stranger *paths* of banishment.

Richard III.

Go, *tread* the *path* that thou shalt ne'er return.

Merchant of Venice:

Where is the horse, that doth *untread* again
His tedious measures wi' th' unbated fire
That he did *pace* them first?

Hamlet:

Whilst, like a puff'd and careless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance *treads*.

And in his poem called *Venus and Adonis;*

She *treads* the *paths* that she untreads again.

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By cutting off your heads; thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St Edmundsbury;
Ev'n on that altar where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible! may this be true!

Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But ev'n this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smoaks about the burning crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,
Ev'n this ill-night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul,
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which

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We will untread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked;
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And happy newness, that intends old right!

[*Exeunt, leading off* Melun.

SCENE *changes to a different part of the* French *Camp.*

Enter LEWIS *and his Train.*

Lewis. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set,
But stayed, and made the western welkin blush,
When th' English measured backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good-night;
And wound our tattered colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!——

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?
Lewis. Here; what news?
Mes. The Count Melun is slain; the English Lords
By his persuasion are again fall'n off;
And your supply, which you have wished so long,
Are cast away, and sunk on Goodwin sands.
Lewis. Ah foul, shrewd news! Beshrew thy very heart,

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I did not think to be so sad to-night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers.
Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true, my Lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an open Place in the Neighbourhood of* Swinstead *Abbey.*

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE *and* HUBERT, *severally.*

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or
Faulc. A friend. Who art thou? [I shoot.
Hub. Of the part of England.
Faulc. And whither dost thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affairs
As well as thou of mine?
Faulc. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that knowest my tongue so well:
Who art thou?
Faulc. Who thou wilt: and if you please,
Thou mayest befriend me so much as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night (30)

(30) *Unkind remembrance; thou and* endless *night*
Have done me shame:——] Why *endless* night? Hubert means no more than that the dulness of his recollection, and the darkness of the night, had disgraced him in his not knowing Faulconbridge by the tone of his voice. Our Author certainly wrote, *eyeless*. Mr Warburton likewise concurred in starting this emendation.

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Have done me shame; brave soldier, pardon me,
That my accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Faulc. Come, come; *sans compliment*, what news abroad?

Hub. Why here walk I in the black brow of night
To find you out.

Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The King, I fear, is poisoned by a Monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Faulc. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the King
Yet speaks, and peradventure may recover.

Faulc. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the King hath pardoned them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty Heaven!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my powers this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln-washes have devoured them;
Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.
Away before; conduct me to the King;
I doubt he will be dead or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE *changes to the Orchard in* Swinstead *Abbey.*

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, *and* BIGOT.

Henry. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touched corruptibly, and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His Highness yet doth speak, and holds
That, being brought into the open air, [belief,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here;
Doth he still rage?

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

Henry. Oh vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
Leaves them; invisible his siege is now
Against the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which in their throng and press to that last hold
Confound themselves.—'Tis strange that Death
should sing:—
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are
To set a form upon that indigest, [born
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

King JOHN *brought in.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. John. Poiſoned, ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off; (31)
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
Through my burned boſom: nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I aſk not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were ſome virtue in my tears
That might relieve you!

K. John. The ſalt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprievable condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faulc. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty!

(31) *Poiſoned, ill* fate!] This is Mr Pope's reading on no authority that I can find. I have replaced *fare*, with the old copies; and conſidering how much our Author loved and has practiſed the jingle and play on words ſimilar in ſound, there is no queſtion but he intended it here.
So, in his ſecond part of *Henry* VI.

Sheriff, *farewel*; and better than I *fare*.

And, in the third part of *Henry* VI.

How now, *fair* Lords? What *fare?* What news abroad?

Ill fate, both takes away the antitheſis, and makes a very flat inſipid exclamation.

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K. John. Oh, couſin, thou art come to ſet mine
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burnt, [eye:
And all the ſhrouds wherewith my life ſhould ſail
Are turned to one thread, one little hair;
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, Heaven he knows how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a night the beſt of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*

Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear;
My Liege! my Lord!--but now a king--now thus.

Henry. Even ſo muſt I run on, and even ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?

Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth has been thy ſervant ſtill. [ſpheres,
Now, now, you ſtars that move in your bright
Where be your powers? ſhew now your mended
And inſtantly return with me again, [faiths,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtraight we ſhall be ſought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.

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Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath dispatched
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the Cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Faulc. Let it be so; and you, my noble Prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
Henry. At Worcester must his body be interred,
For so he willed it.
Faulc. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee
I do bequeath my faithful services,
And true subjection everlastingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.
Henry. I have a kind soul that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it but with tears.
Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before-hand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall
Ly at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms, [rue,
And we shall shock them!—Nought shall make us
If England to itself do rest but true. [*Ex. omnes.*

END OF VOLUME FIFTH.

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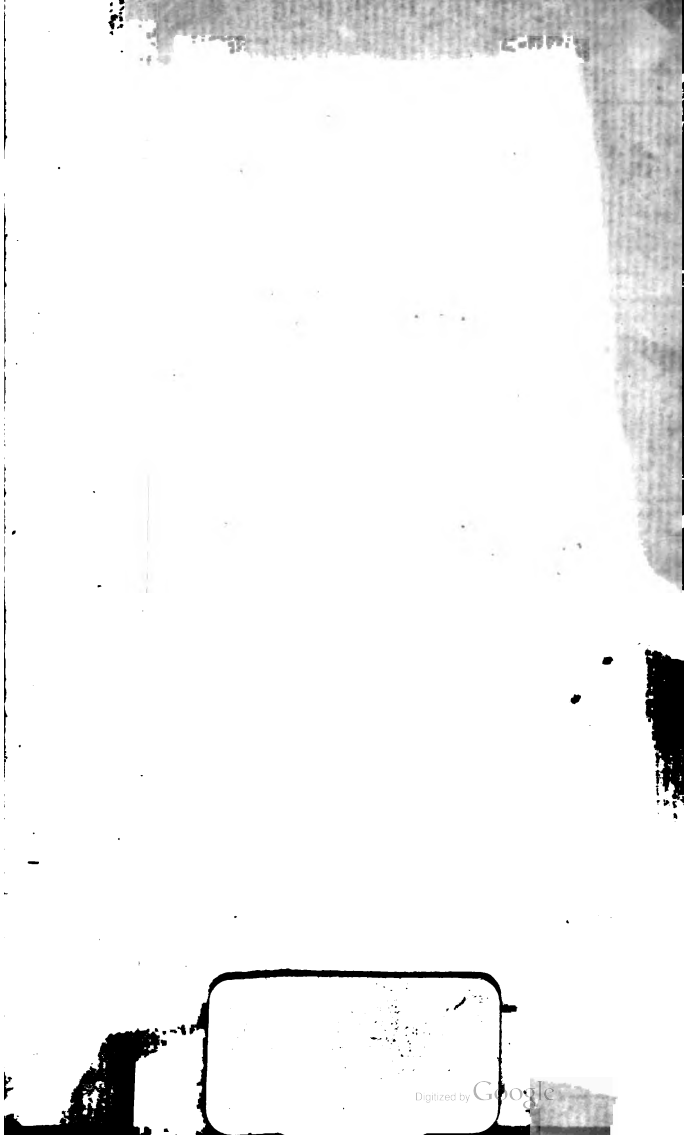
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